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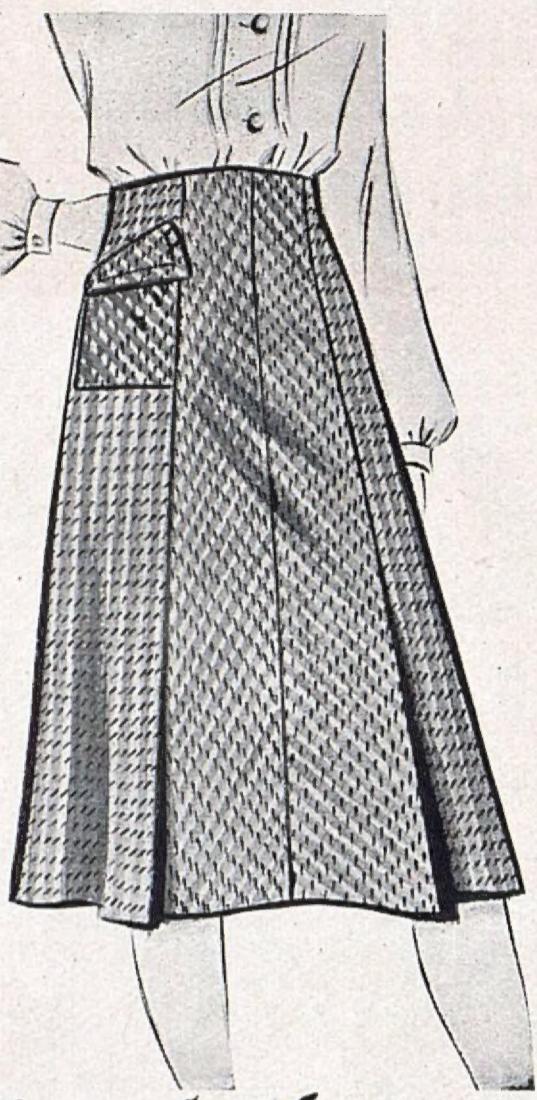
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Yvonne Gregory

General's Wife: Lady Ismay

Lady Ismay is the wife of Lt.-General Sir Hastings Ismay, K.C.B., D.S.O., of Wormington Grange, Broadway, Worcestershire. Her husband is Chief Staff Officer to the Prime Minister in his capacity as Minister of Defence, and went with Mr. Churchill to America in 1942, attended the Casablanca Conference last year, and accompanied Mr. Eden to Moscow in the autumn. Wormington Grange has been taken over for the time being by the Waifs and Strays Society as a war nursery, and supervised by Lady Ismay, who also works at the Beaver Club in London. The Ismays have three daughters, two of whom are schoolgirls. The eldest married Capt. Neville Chance, The South Lancashire Regiment, two years ago, and they have a small daughter



Generals' Meeting

Lieutenant-General J. L. Devers, Deputy C.-in-C. Mediterranean Theatre, went to see Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Leese, G.O.C. the 8th Army, at his Tactical Headquarters. During the visit the two generals faced the photographer boldly



Examining R.A.F. Photographs

While inspecting a Middle East interpretation unit Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, A.O.C.-in-C., R.A.F. Middle East, and Lord Moyne, Minister of State, saw how reconnaissance and operational photographs are interpreted



Climax

BRITISH and American experts have committed themselves to the opinion that Germany's long-term plan of defence against Allied air attack has been broken. Germany has been trying in the last twelve months to quadruple her fighter aeroplane output at the expense of bomber production. But the plan has failed and now it is claimed that Germany's production of fighter aeroplanes cannot keep up with the rate of monthly losses which have been inflicted on her lately. In addition to losses in combat, factories making fighter aeroplanes have been subjected to a constant and carefully organized pounding.

The result of Allied strategy must be causing the German High Command grave anxiety at this moment when the air offensive marches to a climax. German reactions can be seen in the latest trend of propaganda which loudly proclaims that while the Luftwaffe has suffered losses a proportion of Germany's aeroplane production is concentrated safely below ground. Experts in London do not accept this German assertion. They admit that Germany may have, like other countries, some factories below ground. It would be one of those wise precautions which other countries have taken to secure some protection for a part, at least, of war production. But Germany has not been able to hide away the means of production which will enable her to maintain adequate air reserves against the concentration of Allied air power in the next few months.

Strategy

THE object of Allied strategy has been to drive the Luftwaffe out of the sky in order to clear the way for concentrated attacks on all military organizations in Germany and German occupied countries, beginning, of course, with transport centres. Even were the German boast to be true, and were she to

WAY OF THE WAR

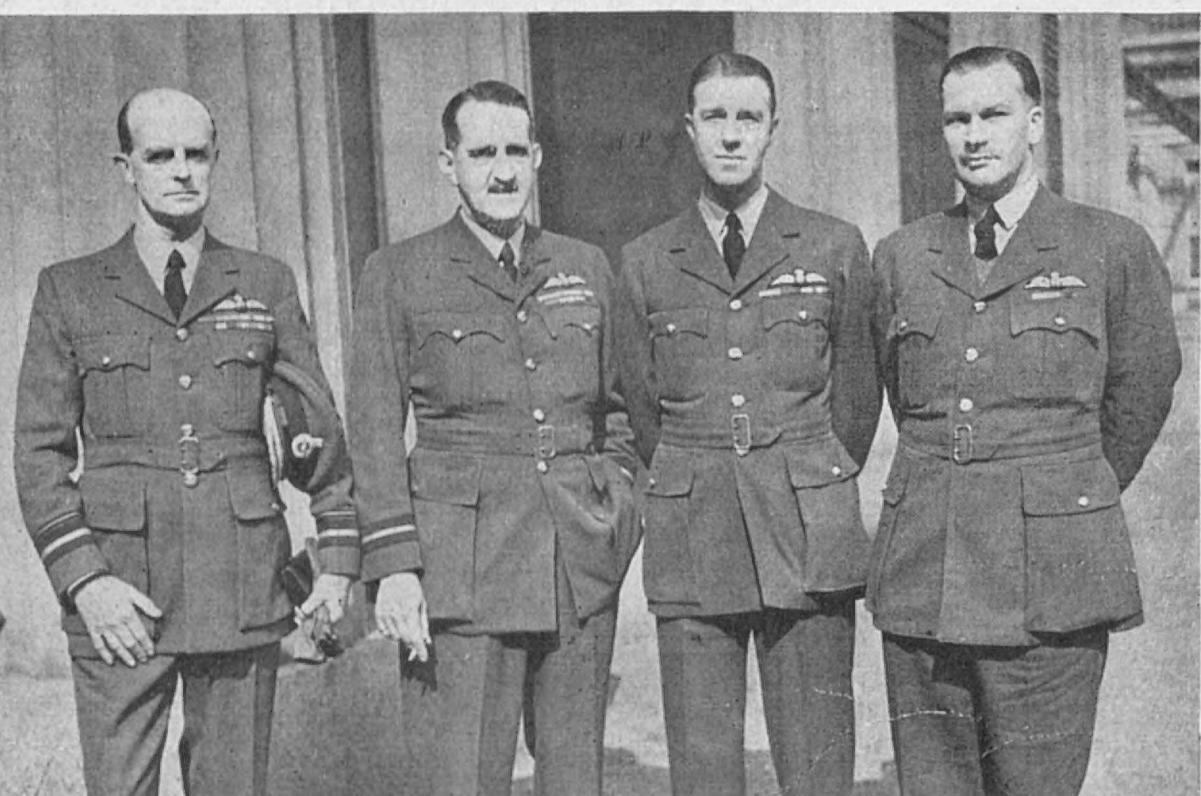
By "Foresight"

have many underground war factories, these can be of little value if the transport organization of the Reich is thoroughly and completely disorganized. Already we see some signs of what this will eventually mean to the Germans. Attacks on German transport concentrations on the Continent lately have followed one another with such regularity and strength that already they have overwhelmed the efficiency of the repair gangs. These are mighty blows which are preparing the way for the great assault on Hitler's fortress.

Lull

THE days are running out. Each week that passes brings the moment nearer when the power garnered in this island will suddenly be unleashed. The latest step preparatory to the great military events is the new restriction which makes it impossible for any civilian to leave Great Britain. Even the Germans must be impressed with the thoroughness and the totality of the precautions which are being taken by the Allied Commanders. They show a determination which must have some reactions in the German High Command. Those who may have imagined that the British and American forces would tarry month by month and leave the burden of the attack to the air forces must now realize the inevitability of a fierce and overpowering descent on their defences.

The lull we are living through now is laden with fate. Hitler can need few of his intuitive powers to tell him this. But he could not resist publicizing his latest meeting with Mussolini, as though even a broken reed represented at least some support in these dark days. What could have been the purpose of his meeting with Mussolini other than this? Mussolini has nothing to offer Hitler, but presumably the German people need some evidence that there is an Axis in being, even



Four Airmen at the Palace

Air Vice-Marshal J. B. Cole-Hamilton, C.B., Air Commodore W. E. G. Mann, C.B.E., Air Commodore D. MacFadyen, C.B.E., and Group Captain D. W. R. Ryley, C.B.E., were four members of the R.A.F. to receive their awards from the King at a recent investiture



Three Gallant Captains

Amongst representatives of the Royal Navy at Buckingham Palace were Captain J. S. Bethell, C.B.E., from Aberdeenshire, Captain David Orr-Ewing, D.S.O., from Port Patrick, and Captain J. S. Hamilton, C.B.E., from Kent. They left the investiture together



Miss Mary Churchill Christens a New Bomber

After breaking a bottle of Coca-Cola across the nose of a new Fortress aircraft and naming it "Stage Door Canteen," Miss Mary Churchill left the airfield with some of the officers. On the left are Alfred Lunt, the actor, and Vivien Leigh, actress and film star who were also at the ceremony

though it is badly bent and without any real power beyond that which Germany herself can summon.

Warning

THE Turkish Government have at last decided to cease sending supplies of chrome to Germany. The Spanish Government have not gone as far as this, but they are known to be ready to make drastic cuts in wolfram exports to Germany. Both countries have, of course, been under considerable pressure before they would consent to the demands made by Britain and the United States. It is argued in some quarters that were the positions reversed, and Germany occupying the position of the Allies, the neutrals would have been much quicker in obeying the demands presented to them repeatedly. This may be so, but even Germany would not have run the risk of her attention being diverted by some side issue at a critical moment. It is all right to bluster and threaten, but when this happens to fail it is necessary to act with strength.

It has never been the policy of the British Government to contemplate any move which might lead to action against any other Powers except those against whom we are fighting.

Hitler would have liked us to have become embroiled with Sweden or Spain. It would have suited him, but the British Government have not played that game. They have used the long view, particularly in the case of Spain, and our diplomats consider that the latest results of diplomatic pressure with a minimum of threats has paid a good dividend. While Spain agrees drastically to cut her wolfram to Germany in return for a resumption of oil supplies from us, she is prepared to continue supplying Britain with iron ore which, to say the least, is most useful to us.

Homing

MR. EDWARD STETTINIUS is back in the United States after his visit to London and he is preparing a report for President Roosevelt. In London, Mr. Stettinius appears to have discussed everything under the sun with every available representative of the British and Allied Governments. Rarely has an American representative of the State Department been able to maintain such a long and constant contact with our Foreign Office. If nothing else has been achieved, Mr. Stettinius must now know more than he did before how the British Foreign Office works.

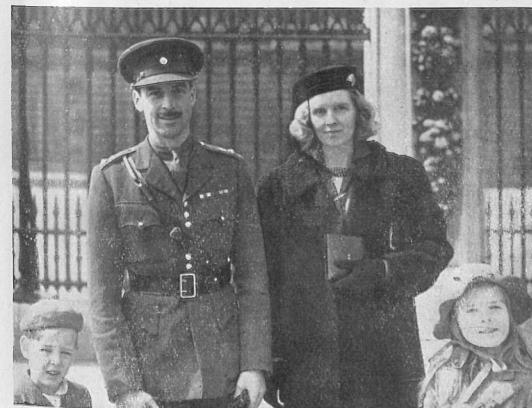
and, the war policy it is following. There has been every opportunity for frankness and the result must be a closer understanding and appreciation of the respective viewpoints of the State Department and the Foreign Office than has been possible at any time before.

Imperial

BEFORE continuing his journey to London, Mr. John Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, proclaimed without qualification that Australia wants and will work for closer relations with the countries of the Commonwealth of the British Empire. He did not stop at this statement, which is interesting coming from a man who was always believed to be so strongly pro-American in his outlook. He went on to assert that he was in favour of the organization of a permanent Empire Secretariat staffed by officials of experience who would not change with Governments. Such a body would co-ordinate Empire foreign policy and be the clearing house for information. So much for Mr. Curtin. But Mr. Mackenzie King, who speaks as Prime Minister of Canada, is said to be opposed to any single and co-ordinated Empire foreign policy. He wishes each Dominion to be free to formulate and express its own foreign policy. This shows how interesting will be the conference of Empire Prime Ministers, for by some means or other it will be necessary now, or in the near future, to reconcile views of the kind held by Mr. Curtin and Mr. Mackenzie King. There is no doubt that eventually this will be possible, but as Mr. Churchill has indicated, he does not look for any immediate and cut and dried scheme of Empire co-ordination.

Relief

THERE was a genuine sigh of relief right through the House of Commons when Sir John Anderson, in his first budget, announced that there would be no taxation changes. Most members thought that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would add something to the already heavy imposts. Sir John was content, however, to rely on the resilience of the existing taxation by which he hopes to meet war expenditure out of revenue to the extent of fifty-two per cent. The budget speech was probably the best Sir John has ever made in the House of Commons. He was more than usually at ease and by his clear exposition he firmly established his growing reputation as a key-man in this Government.



Husband and Wife Decorated

Both Lieutenant-Colonel Rainald Leathwaite and his wife were decorated by the King at the investiture. He received the M.C. and she the M.B.E. Mrs. Leathwaite comes from New York. Their children went with them to the Palace



A Party of Four at an Investiture

Lieutenant John Edmondson, R.N., awarded the D.S.C., was accompanied to the Palace by his parents, Sir James Edmondson, M.P., and Lady Edmondson, and Subaltern Arbuthnott. Sir James is Treasurer of His Majesty's Household

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Way To Do It

By James Agate

WAR is a degrader of many things, though I had not thought until now that among the things degraded by it could be talent. Mr. Maugham is one of our best novelists. He is also an admirable dramatist. Both his novels and his plays film well. What then can have happened that in *The Hour before the Dawn* (Odeon) he should have descended to such rank and obvious twaddle? The answer can only be that the war has happened to Mr. Maugham.

THE film begins well enough, and for a time it looks as though we are going to have a reasoned statement of the case for pacifism. Except, of course, that there is no case. A young highbrow once went up to Allan Monkhouse, the author of that fine war play *The Conquering Hero*, and began to explain to him Tolstoy's Theory of Non-resistance. Monkhouse said: "I see. Suppose when I get home tonight I find some rascal eviscerating my wife and disembowelling my babes. Must I not interfere?" The young man replied: "According to Tolstoy, no." There was a pause, and then Monkhouse said quietly: "Would the Count permit me to walk away?"

THE young man in this film says he will neither kill nor help anybody else to kill, but that he is quite willing to work on a farm. But there his logic stops. But surely a twelve-year-old should see that any pacifist who works on a farm is merely liberating somebody else for the killing job. It seems to me that your pacifist *à outrance* is almost completely lacking in the sense of logic. The young man in this film sees a carter brutally ill-treating his horses, whereupon he knocks him down. Why, then, will he not intervene to

prevent Nazi Germany from using the lash and worse on unoffending Jews? Here the pacifist is up against a position from which there is no escape. He must either say: "Let the murder of Jews and the smaller nations continue; it is not the affair of my nation to prevent it." Or he must say: "Prevention is the affair of my nation, but prevention means killing, and I personally won't have any hand in killing." In the second case what he is really saying is: "I am resolved to have no share in any of the unpleasant tasks which membership of the community imposes on me." From which it follows that he must also say: "Neither will I have any share in the benefits which membership of the community confers on me." So long as Man consents to the principle of government by majority, the individual must take the thin with the thick. If he will not fight for his country he must not accept that country's amenities. In plain English, the moment war is declared the only choice for a democrat is between doing what his country orders him to do and making for the nearest wood where he can live on berries till the war is over. The pacifist may have an answer to the foregoing; I have never heard one, though it may exist. If Mr. Maugham, one of the best minds now writing, must give us a novel or a play or a film with a pacifist hero, he must find that answer and present it.

Now it has always been said that criticism should be constructive. Let me, therefore, construct. Let me give the makers of this film a hint as to the kind of material out of which a film on this subject should be made. Christopher and Stephen Rokeby are the sons



"The Hour Before The Dawn"

Somerset Maugham's latest contribution to the screen is a story of a conscientious objector (Franchot Tone) whose convictions are reversed when he finds that his Austrian wife (Veronica Lake) is a Nazi spy. Outraged, he kills her and then joins the services in order to work out his own salvation. The film is reviewed on this page

of Colonel Rokeby, an old soldier who has never been in action. Stephen is a clergyman. It is the fourth of August, 1914. The Colonel enters.

STEPHEN (eagerly): Good news?

COL. ROKEBY: The best! We shall be at war with Germany by midnight.

STEPHEN (to Chris.): Untold suffering. Misery and desolation.

Christopher, too, has his objections, but they are those of the artist who wants to pursue his work, and in the artists of all the countries of the world sees his brothers. Helen, his fiancée, tackles him:—

HELEN: How can you desert your father? You talk of your own individual soul. A traitor may have that.

CHRIS.: What is a traitor?



"Four Jills in a Jeep" Tells the Real Life Adventure Stories of Kay Francis, Carole Landis



Carole meets and marries Captain Ted Warren. They plan a short honeymoon at Stratford-on-Avon, but at the wedding reception Kay gets word that the girls are to get ready to take off for Africa immediately. Accompanied by Eddie, they leave England that afternoon for the Mediterranean

The four stars of a Hollywood Command Performance Broadcast are invited to Great Britain to entertain the boys. Landing in England, Kay Francis, Martha Raye, Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair are met by Sgt. Eddie Hart (Phil Silvers), their jeep driver and self-appointed bodyguard

HELEN: Simple people know.

CHRIS.: Yes. Those that we call traitors may be the heroes—the men of conscience and ideals. It's my work to look into men's souls. It's truth I want, not this blatant simplicity. We are to be all one way now. What a time! The day of the cheap patriot has come.

HELEN: Not so cheap if he gives his life.

Helen refers her lover to Rossetti on the refusal of aid between nations. The dialogue resumes:

CHRIS.: Yes, it's splendid. I'm glad you showed me that.

HELEN: You'll go if the poets lead?

CHRIS.: There are German poets, too.

HELEN: But you're not a German.

Christopher turns over an illustrated paper and stops at a picture of the Kaiser.

CHRIS.: Rather a stupid man—but exalted. Here's your ideal. Here's the concentrated essence of the patriot. Here's my country, right or wrong.

Stephen enlists; Dakin, the footman, enlists; and ultimately Christopher, praying that it is the spirit and not the drum which beats in his temples, goes too. He may be paraphrased: "All war is damnable; I shall be a scoundrel if I keep out of this one." He returns home invalided. His people meet him at the station with a band. Dakin, the footman, Stephen, the brother with whom he would have talked—both are dead. And they meet him with a band! This story of a soldier going unwillingly to the wars is moving in a way that the concocters of thrillers seem utterly unable to conceive.

AND whose story is it?—the reader asks. Why, Allan Monkhouse's, of course. *The Conquering Hero*, written during the last war, makes the best case for the pacifist I have ever heard. Mr. Maugham should read it. I feel that if he had read it he would not have fobbed us off with this ridiculous balderdash about a conscientious objector who refuses to have anything to do with the war until he discovers his Austrian wife setting fire to a haystack as a guide to German bombers. Whereupon, he shoots the woman who, of course, is a Nazi agent, and becomes an airman to the tune of "There'll always be an England."

Franchot Tone and Veronica Lake are the chief interpreters of this bosh.



"Higher and Higher" provides screen vehicle for Frank Sinatra, the "new boy" of American entertainment. Here he is with Barbara Hale. The story is unimportant; it is enough that it gives British film audiences the chance to sum up Hollywood's latest voice discovery and America's latest heartthrob

Frank Sinatra Is Introduced To British Filmgoers



Right: Dooley Wilson accompanies Frank Sinatra in one of his numbers. As kitchen drudge masquerading as heiress Michele Morgan has the leading feminine role



Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair in Great Britain and the Middle East a Year Ago

Their plane is forced down in the Algerian desert and the girls finish their journey on the backs of camels. They reach a town eight miles from the German lines and find the one hotel a casualty hospital. Although tired out, they get ready to give the boys a show



The show is interrupted by an air raid and the girls take shelter in slit trenches. Afterwards it is announced that the boys are going on their big push within the hour. The girls are forced to leave and are taken to the rear lines, from there to begin their journey homewards soon afterwards

The Theatre

"The Rest Is Silence" at the Prince of Wales

By Horace Horsnell

If, at Edinburgh in 1857, the Scottish jury that acquitted Madeleine Smith of murder could have foreseen this play, their verdict of Non Proven might conceivably have been more positive. They would thus have robbed the accused young lady of much notoriety, and generations of amateur criminologists of some agreeable speculation. As it was, they added another to the world's stock of popular mysteries, and gave an ingenious dramatist a somewhat ungrateful plot.

Whether Madeleine did or did not dispose of her highly inconvenient lover by poisoning him with arsenic-laced cocoa remains un-

offered. He was generous with the theatrical condiments. Matching characters with events, he set to work, not as historian but as dramatist, with the result that the characters affect us even more deeply than the events to which they succumb or oppose heroic resistance.

Mr. George Black's extremely good-looking production does do something of the kind, though the theatrical garnish is more decorative than dramatic. It is visually lovely. Mr. Hamish Wilson has seen to that. The ladies of the piece, seldom less than super-Winter-halter in looks and deportment, swim through the handsome apartments of Mr. Smith's

Glasgow mansion like sweet thoughts in a dream. Even the finishing school at Clapton, where we first meet Madeleine, houses such bevies of young beauty, her fellow pupils, as suggest that these fortunate damsels must have had fairy-godmothers at least related to Cinderella's, and that their charming confections were created by a similar modiste.

Fine feathers, we know, don't always make fine birds. And if this sartorial elegance had been met by complementary dramatic garnishing, Madeleine's progress from desk to dock would have gained in interest and excitement. The facts of the case are here, painstakingly handled: what her stage debut seemed to call for was less legal and more selective histrionic support.

At school, Madeleine displayed a most promising Becky Sharpness, particularly in her comments on the workbox she hands over to her friend before leaving, informing innocence that the key of the box happened also to fit the



Madeleine Smith (Ann Todd) is alternately intrigued and infuriated by the temperamental emotions of her French lover Emile (Karel Stepanek)

proven. Her guilt is still a moot, if (this play's title notwithstanding) not a mute question, that was bound sooner or later to furnish the theatre with raw material for a play.

In reconstructing the crime, if crime it was, Mr. Harold Purcell has been almost too scrupulous to the recorded evidence. The bricks from which he has reconstructed it were embarrassingly rich in straw. As he says in a programme note: "The story is so theatrical that the difficulty of turning it into a play has been to make it seem probable." One would have thought, however, that the prime difficulty was to make it interesting. For just as that famous verdict left the case against Madeleine unproved, so does the play. Except perhaps to those who find Madeleine, as presented here, so untrustworthy a young lady that concern for her guilt or innocence never becomes dramatically urgent.

When Shakespeare happened on an old story that promised to furnish him with a good plot, he did not hesitate to cut, adapt, invent, and flush with passion the raw material it



The French Consul, Monsieur de Mean (Hugh Miller), is cross-examined by the Lord Advocate (Guy Le Feuvre). The Dean of the Faculty (Tristan Rawson) takes notes on behalf of the defendant

bureau in which were locked the answers to the examination paper she herself had just successfully tackled.

Miss ANN TODD played this scene so well that one wished Madeleine's subsequent adventures had given more scope for the exercise of this ruthless amorality. She looked exquisite; and her smile from the dock when the verdict was delivered would equally have become either the triumph of conscious innocence or the satisfaction of instinctive villainy. One would have liked the original jury to have seen that.

Mr. Nicholas Hannon brings classical care to his playing of Madeleine's father, Mr. Karel Stepanek clinical realism to the arsenical death throes of her vindictive lover, and Mr. Martin Walker conditions his agreeable art to the reserved demands of her lairdly husband to be. The delightful picture of the New Year's Eve party at which Madeleine's sin begins to find her out glows and glitters in memory, and the trial itself is admirably staged. But the historical and evidential data seemed to hang heavily about the drama's neck, and the excellent actors to breathe, so to speak, with less than perfect histrionic freedom.

Sketches by

Tom Titt



Youngest of the Smith family is Janet (Olive Kirby), who keeps the whole family amused by her inconsequential caperings. Mrs. Smith (Renee Kelly), Mary Buchanan (Lesley Osmond), William Minnoch (Martin Walker), Janet and James Smith (Nicholas Hannon)



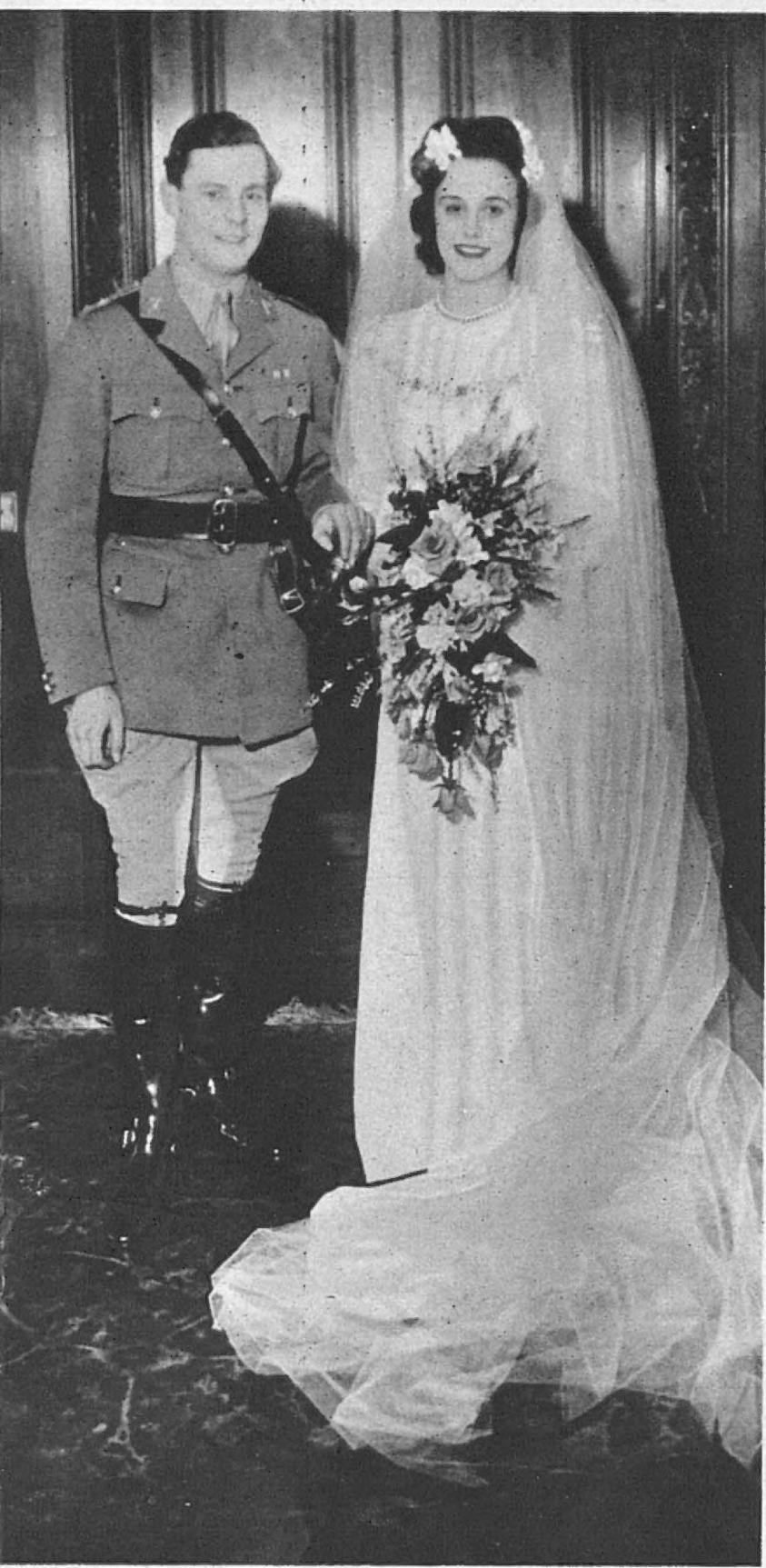
Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Did She Murder Emile l'Angelier?

Ann Todd Revives Memories
of Madeleine Smith

In the spring of 1857 a young Frenchman, Emile l'Angelier, died in Glasgow of arsenic poisoning. Amongst his possessions were found some two hundred letters written by Madeleine Smith, daughter of one of Scotland's most eminent architects. They gave clear evidence of Miss Smith's desire to be rid of her former lover. Madeleine Smith appeared at the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, charged with the murder of Emile l'Angelier. The verdict was "Not proven." This cause célèbre has been dramatised by Harold Purcell in *The Rest is Silence*, latest George Black production at the Prince of Wales Theatre. In it, Ann Todd gives a brilliant performance as the young Scottish girl who for nearly a century has kept criminologists all over the world guessing





Swaebel
Anglo-Columbian Wedding

Lt. J. P. V. Summers, 12th Lancers, married Miss Beatriz de Robledo, daughter of Don Carlos de Robledo and Mme. Lucia Restrepo de Robledo, at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride, given away by her brother, Don Luis de Robledo, had one child bridesmaid. The reception was held at the Brazilian Embassy

The King's Colour

THREE hundred years ago, King Charles II. decreed that his regiment of Grenadier Guards should have a King's Colour of their own, and ordered it to be of white silk with a cross of crimson silk throughout, differenced with the Imperial Crown in gold, to be the Colonel's proper colour. Ever since, the Colonel's Colour of the Grenadiers has been taken as the King's Colour of the First Battalion—and that is why the Grenadier Guards gave their Colonel, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, a replica, smaller in size, of the King's Colour.

The Princess's Colour, which, following the alterations made by James II. in the original design, is of crimson, and not white, silk, does not carry the Battle Honours of the Battalion, and in each corner, by desire of the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of all the Guards Regiments, there appears in gold thread H.R.H.'s monogram, surmounted by her coronet, which is of special design, made by Garter King of Arms, Sir Gerald Wollaston, our leading authority on all heraldic questions.

After the simple guard-mounting ceremony in honour of her birthday, at which Col. John Prescott, Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Grenadier Guards (yes, his rank is a full colonel, but by tradition of the Brigade he is Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding), gave her the Colour, the Princess went off to her birthday luncheon-party with the King and Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood, the Duchess of Kent, and Queen Mary, who was not able to be present at the ceremony itself. All Grenadier officers attending the parade were invited by the King to a sherry party immediately afterwards, at which they toasted their Royal Colonel, and wished her many, many more happy birthdays.

From now on, whenever Princess Elizabeth attends a parade of the Grenadiers, her own Colour will go with her, and be mounted as long as she is present.

Well Done, Gloucestershire!

GLoucestershire has been doing very well with its Treasure Sales in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Mayor of Gloucester lent the Guildhall for the recent sale, which lasted two days and was opened by the Duke of Beaufort. The Duke auctioned the first lot—a gift from Queen Mary of ten oriental figures—which sold for £80. "Thornhill's Shooting Directory" (given by the Duke of Gloucester) went for 32 guineas; and £700 (the highest price reached in the sale) was given for a set of seven sporting prints in colour representing the Beaufort Hunt, a gift from the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort jointly. Other big prices were given for Lady Monsell's diamond and emerald ring, which fetched £350; a diamond bracelet presented by Lady Tubbs, which made £475 for the Fund; and a Charles II. silver tankard presented by Mr. C. B. Trye, which made £270. In a short speech Lord Bledisloe expressed the hope that this Gloucestershire Treasure Sale would establish a new record—a wish which was more than realised when a total of £15,000 was announced for the two days. So great was the response to the Appeal that a further sale is to be held on May 24th. Lady Cripps of Ampney Park, Cirencester, was Chairman of the Committee.

Film Premiere Committee

THE Duchess of Norfolk made her debut as a Committee Chairman in London when she presided over the first meeting for the world premiere of Mr. Michael Sadleir's *Fanny by Gaslight*, which is due at the Gaumont Cinema on May 8th in aid of the Civil Defence Welfare Fund. The meeting at the Dorchester—which, like so many meetings of this kind nowadays, ended up with a tea party—was well attended, and those present had the opportunity of hearing a very informative and interesting speech from Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., the Chairman of the Fund. The young Duchess made an efficient and charming Chairman, and confessed that she has had quite a lot of experience presiding over various meetings in the country since her marriage, although she had never before been called upon to do it in London. Others present included Lady Waddington, the deputy chairman, Marie Lady Waddington, and Stella Lady Reading, who are among a group of vice-chairmen. The Duchess of



Swaebel
Some of the Guests at the Summers-de Robledo Wedding

Miss Mary Le Bas and Miss Lorna Chapman were escorted to the reception at the Brazilian Embassy by Lord Strathcarron in R.A.F. uniform



Swaebel
Lt. Strain, Miss Vicky Masson Chetwynd and Mr. Zulio Pocaterra, Secretary at the Venezuelan Embassy, shared a joke



Guards' Chapel Christening

Major W. M. M. Milligan, Scots Guards, and his wife are seen above with their daughter, Fiona Katharine, who was christened recently. Mrs. Milligan is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cassavetti, of Cotmore, Bicester



Mrs. Bayley and Her Son

Little Julian James Bayley, son of Lt. J. F. Bayley, was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He was photographed with his mother after the ceremony



A First Night for Sir John

Shortly before disclosing this year's Budget secrets, Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, escorted his wife to the theatre. They saw the first performance of "Guilty," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Kent has given her patronage and hopes to attend the film, which is to begin at 6.30, so that everyone can get home before dark.

Racing at Newmarket

It was pleasant to have "the sun on one's back" for the opening day of the season at Newmarket, a really lovely day, with spectators and horses looking their sleekest and best. The Hon. George Lambton sent out two winners, Vestal Virgin and Peradventure, but could not attend himself as he had a chill. Mrs. Lambton and Miss Sybil Lambton looked after things for him, and must have been delighted to have such good news to take home. Vestal Virgin, a chestnut filly by Hyperion—Trustful, won her race most decisively, particularly as she was left a bit at the start, and her owner, Sir Richard Sykes, looked very pleased. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, who has bought Lady Ludlow's house at Newmarket, Warren Towers, were all present to watch Peradventure's smooth display. She ran in Lady Fitzwilliam's colours and won comfortably. Miss Sybil Lambton saw her colours carried for the first time in this race by Hay Hill, who, though a

trifile outclassed, made the running at a strong pace and looks a sure winner in the future. Lord Rosebery, who is not able to go racing much these days, came to see Ocean Swell and Hobo bring off a nice double for him. The former is by his own horse, Blue Peter, so it was doubly pleasing for him. Lady Bullough was accompanied by her small grandson, who was racing for the first time. His father, Lord Durham, was also present and marked the occasion very suitably by producing the charming grey filly, Full Speed, by Precipitation—Spray, who won Division II. of the Fillies Stakes with a lot in hand.

People There

LADY STANLEY and her youngest son, the Hon. Hugh Stanley, must have enjoyed the triumph of Borealis over Happy Landing; Sir Humphrey de Trafford brought his two younger daughters, Miss Catherine and Miss Violet de Trafford; Miss Babs Lewis, straight from work, was wearing her very neat A.R.P. ambulance driver's uniform; Major and Mrs. Durham Matthews won the first race with Peace Envoy; Major the Hon. Charles Wood and his wife were other Borealis fans; Mrs. Nicky Morriss was there; the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, hatless and very pretty; Mrs. Lionel Cecil, who holds the record for the longest hair, also hatless; Mrs. Mary Gardner, all in green; Major Holliday, the jovial Master of the North York and Ainsty, who has managed to carry on a fair bit of hunting; Sir Eric Ohlson, with his arm in a sling; enigmatic Mr. Stanley Wootton, and Mr. Gilbert Bennett, whose campaigns against the Ring must sometimes leave its members gasping for breath.

Windsor Meeting

THE second spring meeting at Windsor was just as successful as the opening one, and lovely weather blessed the meeting, so that even the older pre-war and the modern utility suits looked gay when their owners discarded their topcoats in the sunshine. The horses, too, had their summer coats on, shining in the sun, and all looked fit and ready—very misleading in some cases. The (Concluded on page 152)



Mrs. Lentaigne and Her Son

Mrs. Lentaigne is the wife of Major-Gen. W. D. A. Lentaigne, who succeeds the late Major-Gen. Wingate. Their son, Victor, is at Dartmouth

We regret that in the caption to a photograph published in our issue of April 5, 1944, under the title "Dining Out in London," we incorrectly stated the name of one of the ladies as Mrs. Leslie Price instead of Mrs. Alfred Goodley, and we apologise for the error and for any inconvenience it may have caused.



A Recent Wedding

Mr. Charles Hepburn Johnston and Princess Natasha Bagration were married at Sidlow Church, Reigate, and at the Serbian Orthodox Chapel, Lennox Gardens. The King and Queen of Yugoslavia and the Duchess of Kent were present



Married in London

Lord Rupert Nevill, the Life Guards, younger son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, and Lady Camilla Wallop, daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth and Mrs. John How, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Lady Zia Wernher was with her elder daughter, Georgina



Mrs. Jack Hambro brought her son, David, and daughter, Tessa



Lt. the Hon. Simon Warrender and Mr. Harry Middleton were at the reception



Viscount Melgund, brother of the bride, and Col. D. Blakeslee, best man, were together



The Bride and Bridegroom Cut the Cake



A Family Dinner Party Was Held in London After the Wedding

The Countess of Minto sat next to the Earl of Cromer. He is her husband's brother-in-law



Viscountess Strathallan was on the Earl of Minto's right. She is an American from New York



Lady Evelyn Jones sat with the Countess of Cromer, aunt of the bride



Three guests were Mrs. Parker Bowles, Mrs. John Ward and the Duchess of Roxburghe



Lt. Col. James Averell Clark, jun., U.S.A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clark, of Westbury, Long Island, New York, and Lady Bridget Elliot were married in London on April 19th. The bride is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, of Minto House, Hawick, Roxburghshire, and was given away by her father. The American Ambassador and the High Commissioner for Canada were amongst the guests at the reception held at 18, Carlton House Terrace



Lady Dashwood, with her daughter, Sarah, was talking to Mrs. A. E. Kennedy



Lady Willa Elliot, the bride's sister, is here with Col. and Mrs. David Niven



The Countess of Cromer and Viscount Strathallan were neighbours at dinner. He is the Earl of Perth's son



Friends and Relations of the Bride and Groom Dine at the May Fair

Above is the Countess of Haddington with Mr. J. A. Clark, father of the bridegroom. She is a sister of Lady Minto

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GOATS were not once mentioned, we observed, in that recent decision of the civic authorities of Cardiff to confer the freedom of the city on the Welch Regiment, enabling that old, battle-scarred, honourable, and choleric body of janissaries to march through the streets henceforth with colours flying, bands playing, and bayonets fixed.

Each battalion goat's position, therefore, is still an absurd anomaly. Washed, brushed, currycombed, marcelled, blanccoed, and polished (but not perfumed, as many aesthetes have suggested) for every ceremonial parade, he will still walk decorously with the Goat-Major at the battalion's head, like a pet dog or a little actress or some such piffling toy. Freedom of the city does not cover the need of every healthy goat to butt 'em all to hell-and-back, it seems. This repression is notoriously bad for goats. One single stout alderman in crimson velvet pants placed in the fairway in a rearward bending position—allowing for a 10-yard run-up, to be synchronised with the drum-crash on the final note of "Ap Shenkyn," on which the Goat-Major would slip the leash—would provide relief and entertainment simultaneously.

Footnote

MINCING along like a Sasenach sissy is not the function of a handsome, white, devilish, fullblooded Welch goat, as we have deferently suggested to our old regiment before. Connecting with the citizenry's pants like a flash of lightning certainly is. Moreover, a bit of action would dispel that uneasy teatime-at-the-Athenaeum feeling some of us still get on contemplating the regimental mascot on parade, so reverend, so dignified, and (under that smug, sly mask) so essentially an ally of Satan.

Grenade

AWKWARD is the word, an M.P. was telling us, for that recent question by Mr. Stokes about the relative merits of the A 22 tank and the German Mark VI Tiger. There are so few awkward questions asked nowadays by M.P.s, who are pretty docile, that one Mills grenade tossed in now and again does no harm, in our unfortunate view.

Easily the most awkward and devilish question in the House during the last fifty years, we gather after careful inquiry, was asked in 1906 by young Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P. (Lib.) for South Salford, who wanted to know if the Liberal Government would publish a complete list of subscribers to

Party Funds. A wave of horror and indignation swept the palsied benches and this hideous question, involving as it did the private affairs of numbers of boys with brand-new titles, was instantly turned down. Nowadays the country shrugs and takes such things for granted. Thirty-eight years ago it caused stout rosy virtuous gentlemen in elegant frock-coats, with tea-roses in their button-holes, to swoon and deprive Mr. Belloc of the Party's support (he won his 1910 seat as an Independent). Fights in the House have also gone out of fashion since the Irish members left, though oddly enough they didn't start one of the jolliest ones. M.P.s don't fight very expertly, being rather short of breath. Whether they spitefully pinch the Parliamentary Glamour Girls in the Lobby and pull their plaits we can't discover.

"I say, Sir, you'll simply never guess . . ."

Festa

ACCORDING to Auntie *Times*, the Worshipful Company of Musicians held their first wartime livery luncheon the other day; as if the music boys are not frequently livery—or, as we children of the Muses say laughingly, "fey."

Snarling and crouching like Debussy at Queen's Hall on that memorable occasion when an unfortunate oboe fluffed a note at the beginning of *La Mer*, Euterpe's sons probably enjoyed their luncheon more than we think, exchanging vivacious cracks meanwhile.

"What was that you said about my rubato in the Scherzo?"

"I said the hell with it."

"Why do you spit when you sing?"

"Since you're cad enough to mention it, it's having to sing Dusty's counterpoint."

"Don't you dare attack my counterpoint!"

"All right, I won't. I'll just say it's lousy."

Pure nerves, unlike the really poisonous feuds of the booksy boys. Even other-worldly musicians like the angelic Cécile in Duhamel's delicious Pasquier stories get a *crise* now and again. Most of the big music boys (e.g. Rameau) have been—and are—hell to live with, they say, and who isn't?

Crime

CITIZENS who, like O. Henry's crook, inherit their Puritan forefathers' stern and rugged fear of the police will be relieved, we guess, to hear that sharing a taxicab may shortly be made legal.

Most people have been breaking the law thus since birth, and there is even an aged musical comedy, *The Girl in the Taxi*, based on the frightful deed. Gall and vinegar to any conscientious lawyer or

(Concluded on page 142)



"She may have moved"





R.A.F. Win Aden Hockey Final

An R.A.F. team from an Aden airfield beat an infantry team in the final of the Aden hockey tournament. Sir John Huthorn Hall, C-in-C, the Protectorate, presented the cup to the victorious captain



A Horse Show in Baghdad

The Emir Abdul Illah, Regent of Irak, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C.-in-C. Persia and Irak, were present at the finals of the Irak Royal Horse Show at the New Racecourse, Baghdad

Sportfolio : Hockey, Horse Shows, Fencing, Football and Real Tennis



D. R. Stuart

St. Mary's Hospital Seven-a-Side Team

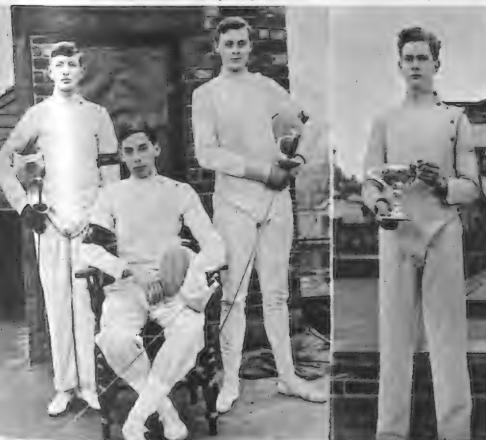
St. Mary's retained the Hospital Cup by defeating Middlesex Hospital in the final, and were also winners of the Middlesex Sevens on the same ground. Sitting: N. O. Bennett, D. J. B. Johnston (captain), D. Morris. Standing: H. G. Lathwell (referee), G. Robins, L. Bromley, E. K. Scott, N. M. Hall



Richardson, Worcester

Croome Hunt Horse Show and Gymkhana

Mr. R. Blakeway, winner of the Langham Miller Cup for heavyweight hunters on Mrs. H. Rushton's Sevenhampton, received the cup from the Countess of Coventry. She is Chief Commandant of the A.T.S.



D. R. Stuart

Public Schools Fencing Championships

Four competitors were R. A. Ellison (Cheltenham), winner of the Senior Foil; A. H. King (Dulwich), third in the Senior Foil, Epee and Sabre; M. J. Amberg (Charterhouse), winner of the Senior Foil and Sabre; and (right) the Hon. Gerald Vane (Eton), who won the Epee Championship



Real Tennis in Aid of the Red Cross

Playing in the matches held at Lord's were Major R. Aird, holder of the Silver Racquet, and Lt.-Cdr. R. Grant, U.S. Doubles Champion

W/Cdr. W. D. Macpherson, British Amateur champion, was beaten by Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Van Alen, the American champion

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Civil Servant in the stalls, that frivolous piece must have been. I say, they can't do that! I say, what about 45 Vic. 57 Cap. 189 Sec. 23 (a)? I say, that individual has no right to share that taxi with that blonde juvenile, it's a tort major in fee-simple with champerty regardant *in feme sole*! You can see those pale boiled-gooseberry eyes protruding from here. There's a type of legal boy who'd return from the theatre to look up the Verona by-laws and discover that interviews from balconies in public thoroughfares in the year 1585 were prohibited between the hours of 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., which obviously proves *Romeo and Juliet* to be bosh from start to finish.

Feature

OPTIMISTS and omen-saps may note that a mysterious little old lady in black silk was engaging the Fleet Street boys' attention recently over some train-muddle business in the Midlands. It may be, therefore, that the Armistice is not far off, who knows?

The invention of the Little Old Lady in Black Silk for the Armistice Procession of 1919 was a major feat of British journalism and knocked the populace cockeyed. Her inventor got her first of all from Barrie, naturally, but a few added touches from Kipling and (maybe) Edgar Rice Burroughs made her Fleet Street's own. There she stood on the Strand pavement with her reticule, the Empire's Grannie, cheering the soldier-boys. (We mention Burroughs, author of *Tarzan*, because we ourselves suggested that the old lady should swarm up a lamp-post and chatter. This idea was rejected.)

She appeared thenceforward regularly at every Armistice celebration till 1924, when a special conference was held early in

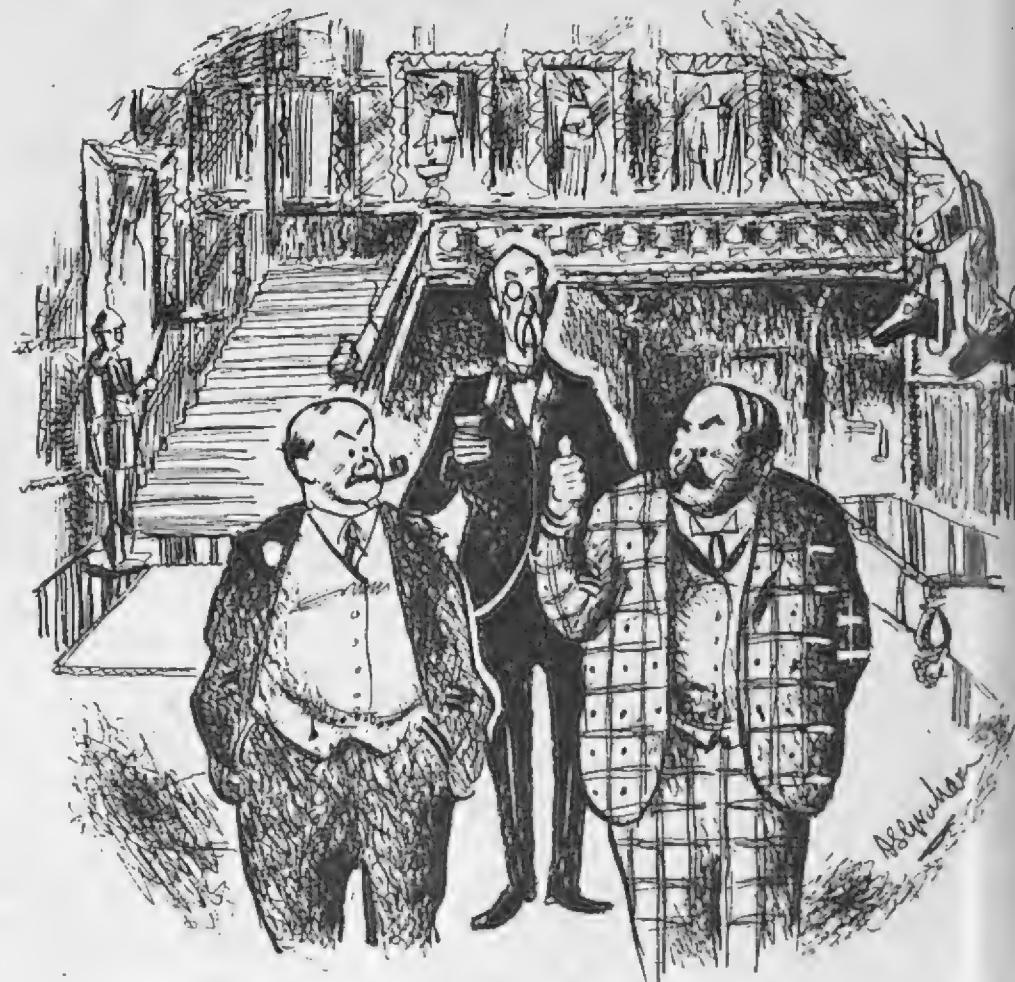
November and a voice of decision and doom said: "That little old lady. Kill her." A less decisive voice said: "Er—she's rather an Armistice Feature now," and the Big Voice said: "Kill her." Another rather uncertain voice said "Er—I believe the Advertising Side is rather fond of her. Mightn't it be a good idea—" and the Big Voice said: "Kill her, or I'll kill you."

The Little Old Lady in Black Silk then disappeared from circulation, pro. tem. We don't doubt she's been sadly missed.

Warning

REMARKING that he doesn't see much future for the ex-Serviceman who thinks he'll go in for poultry-farming after the war, a member of the Farmers' Club struck a grim but valuable note the other day.

What percentage of the optimistic poor devils who sank their Army gratuities in chicken-farms by the hundred after World War I, thinking it was money for jam, ever made a bare living we wouldn't know. Not many, we imagine. The entire feathered world, one of them was telling us, combined against them. Chickens studied and acquired hitherto unknown diseases, hives, beri-beri, St. Antony's Fire, staggers, leprosy, and thrombosis, solely for their sake. Hens gave a derisive yoop and fell dead out of pure malice. Eggs turned out to be full of sawdust and clinkers, as if the birds concerned had been living on iron-filings and wood. We asked this chap what put the fatal idea into his head and (as expected)



"I had to buy him with the house . . ."

he said it was probably an early Wodehouse story, *Love Among the Chickens*, full of fun and sunshine. We pointed out that even in this sunny story the hens are devils incarnate, and he said yes, it must have been the lovely girl in it he remembered. As for him, the only girl who ever came near his farm looked like a wombat in spectacles, it rained day and night for three years on end, and the mud was clay and kneedeep.

Moral?

Statue

THAT agitation in Weymouth for the removal of George III's statue from the seafront is interesting, if obscure.

Maybe somebody has just told the citizens of Weymouth that our American colonies have broken away? Or maybe George III's statue just shames them with its air of stern but simple rectitude, as James ("Boss") Agate's statue on the seafront at Southend shames the viler inhabitants? Every year on May Day the virgins of Southend arrive in a taxi and heap roses and whelks and dance round the Boss's pedestal, but the underworld of Southend growls and spits as it passes, and would gladly tear the crown and sceptre from that august stone figure gazing ever out to sea. These types dislike being reminded, we guess, that only a few years ago, before the Boss arrived from Fenchurch Street and discovered and glorified Southend, they were naked malaria-stricken savages living on garbage. Hatred of strong benevolence, and of pioneer welfare-work led these rebels some time ago to form a society which claims that the statue is Queen Victoria's. Ingratitude and dirty malice could go no further.

Career

A READER wants to know more about those exquisite and costly Savoy strawberries, *temp. Edward VII*, we mentioned the other week.

They were grown in gilt-and-crystal nurseries in the Shires by the younger sons of baronets (wearing white kid gloves) who had failed for the Diplomatic, as younger sons will.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's the same in Berlin—it's the same everywhere—you have a little accident, and a crowd collects from nowhere"



"The Personage" (Michael Bayston) arrives at the Ball with his lady-love (Sally Gilmour). The three ladies with fans on the left are Sara Luzita, Margery Field and Brenda Hamlin

An Early Ashton Ballet

"Les Masques" Presented by the Ballets Rambert

● *Les Masques*, by Frederick Ashton, was first produced for the Ballets Rambert in 1934 with decor by Sophie Fedorovich, and has been in the company's repertoire ever since. The story is set at a Masked Ball to which "The Personage," danced by Michael Bayston, brings his lady-love (Sally Gilmour). His wife (Anne Ashley) comes to the same Ball with her lover, disguised as a blackamoor (Robert Harrold). Husband and wife, meeting in disguise, fall in love once again and all ends happily, the lady-love and the blackamoor obligingly pairing off. The Company is now at the Theatre Royal, Bristol

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Pas-de-deux by "The Girls in Black"
(Olivia Sarel and Joan McClelland)



Variation by Sally Gilmour. Sally first made her name in the ballet "Lady into Fox," by Andre Howard



"The Personage" and his lady-love are watched from a box by "The Wife" (Anne Ashley) and her lover (Robert Harrold), disguised as a blackamoor

A Visit to the Viceroy

Field Marshal Lord Wavell, Lady Wavell and Their Daughter Photographed at Durbar Hall, Delhi

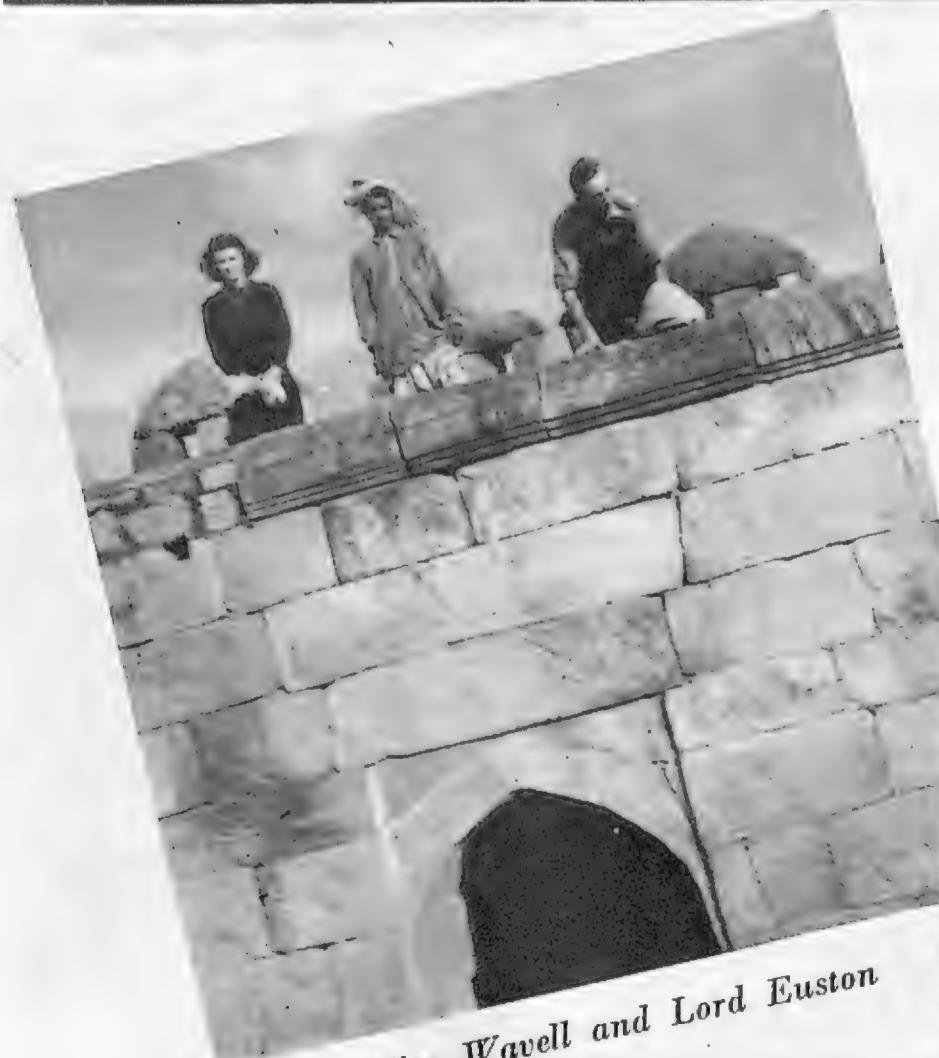


Lord Wavell, in Mo

Since his installation as Viceroy and Governor General of India last October, Viscount Wavell has been largely occupied in seeing for himself the conditions and problems, economic and political, which confront him in his gigantic task. He has already made journeys to many of the Provinces, amongst them Peshawar, the Mohmand country, the Punjab, and more recently, accompanied by Viscountess Wavell, he paid a visit to Bihar and Bengal. With her parents in India is their second daughter, the Hon. Felicity Wavell, who is working at the Viceroy's headquarters. The Earl of Euston, who appears on this page, is A.D.C. to the Viceroy.

*Field Marshal Lord Wavell,
Viceroy of India*

*Photographs by
Cecil Beaton*



Miss Wavell and Lord Euston



Sightseeing at Tughlakabad



Lunch at the Viceroy's House



Dress, Wears the Star of India



Lady Wavell on the Balcony of the Viceroy's House at Delhi



The Hon. Felicity Wavell, Daughter of the Viceroy



Lady Wavell in a Pale-Blue Court Dress

Four Little Boys

With Their Parents in Berkshire



Tetworth, Home of the Kenneth Waggs



Mrs. Wagg with Her Three Elder Sons

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg were married eleven years ago, and have four sons, Timothy, Jeremy, Anthony and David. Their home is Tetworth, in Berkshire. Lt.-Col. Wagg is a well-known rackets player, and is in the Rifle Brigade. His wife, formerly Miss Katherine Horlick, is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. James Nockells-Horlick, O.B.E., M.C., and is a cousin of Sir Peter Horlick, Bt.

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



Jeremy and Timothy Give Anthony a Ride



A Bicycling Lesson from Col. Wagg



Young David Wagg and His Bodyguard



Two Pictures in Edward Seago's Loan Exhibition at Norwich

This oil painting, "Jimmy—Portrait of a Pilot," is amongst the exhibits, which include landscapes, equestrian subjects, portraits, circus and ballet studies, besides recent wartime pictures

The exhibition of pictures by Edward Seago at the City Art Gallery will be opened on May 27th by Sir Arnesby Brown, R.A. The artist, born in Norwich in 1910, has been serving in the Army since the war. He has held several exhibitions in London and one in New York in 1938, and is the author of three books. A fourth, "High Endeavour," is to be published this month

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Pipe-Openers

A FRIEND with whom I came away from the Windsor Meeting on Easter Monday said that he had never been so bored and uncomfortable since he first went racing, and that, furthermore, he had not seen a race-horse the whole afternoon! The crush, of course, was most appalling and the cause, that most were there making "the most of what we yet may spend," for all is uncertainty, and we cannot know what may befall when the Battle of Europe opens in earnest. Discomfort there certainly was, but *c'est la guerre!* And as to the rest, I may be easier to please, so I will say that I felt certain of only one thing, namely, that I had not seen a Derby winner. But then, even before Windsor, I did not believe that Orestes filled the eye as one, so I was not so vastly disappointed in him. The question now is ought we to back him for the Two Thousand? In such company as he had to meet in the Upper Sixpenny Stakes, 4 to 1 on was not an unfair price to demand, and, *prima facie*, if he could not win here he had no chance at all in the first classic. There are, however, always two sides to every story, and so it may be wisest not to condemn him out of hand, as so many people have. To begin with, Windsor is not Newmarket, and, personally, I have always looked as much askance at form there as I have at form at Chester and the *petits chevaux* course at Ally Pally. Next, if we said that Orestes had been beaten in a 5-furlong scramble, should we accept this as proof that he could not win at a mile? In this race they doddered along for more than 3 furlongs: the pace was all wrong, and Elliott, who won on The Solicitor, seemed to be the only jockey in the race who knew it. I am sure that he was surprised when he found the bounty of the God of Chance poured into his lap. He cannot have known that it was going to be, for he had his ride hooked up purely on the chance that a false pace, plus 5 lb. from the favourite, might give The Solicitor's fair turn of foot a chance. It did! It was a good bit

of quick thinking, upon which my felicitations! That is my reading of the race, and I repeat that 5 furlongs is no guide to a mile.

"The Law"!

WE have been assured ere now that "the Law is the embodiment of everything that's excellent," but I do not believe—yet—that this applies to the conqueror of Orestes at Windsor. Mr. Fawcett in his Free Handicap (7 furlongs) said that Orestes could give The

Solicitor 11 lb. and dead-heat with him. In this comic race at Windsor—1 mile alleged, actually 5 furlongs—Orestes failed to give The Solicitor 5 lb. Put it on a 5-furlong basis, and then see what you think. My own opinion is that The Solicitor may be a 2-lb. to 3-lb. better colt as a three-year-old than he was as a two-year-old. That is all that one dare say upon such a grotesque performance as the Upper Sixpenny Stakes. An eminent former Prime Minister was very fond of recommending people to "wait and see." That may answer sometimes, but I am sure that a better way is "go in and find out." A good reconnaissance is worth a hundred looks through your field-glasses. I think The Solicitor (and his good jockey) carried out a most useful reconnaissance! They discovered that Orestes cannot turn on the steam quickly. That is something we might remember. I do not believe that The Solicitor can win at level weights at a mile with Orestes in a truly-run race, but I do believe that Effervescence—a nice,

(Concluded on page 148)



Sun Chariot—and a Future Derby Winner?

Since her retirement from the turf last year, Sun Chariot, the greatest racing filly since Pretty Polly and Sceptre, has not been idle. This picture shows her at the National Stud with her first foal, born in March. The colt is by Blue Peter

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

clean-run colt—may be a gilt-edged investment each way for the Guineas.

P.S. to Windsor: Lady Wyn was not disgraced in the 6-furlong Keates Lane Handicap, in which she was only beaten three-quarters of a length, giving 2 st. 1 lb. to her conqueror, Lido Lady.

Process of Elimination

If we worked things out on this system there would be only one logical conclusion so far as this season's classic aspirants are concerned, namely, that their two-year-old records are worthless, and that, unless something happens to prove that the contrary is true, we must look elsewhere for the Guineas and Derby winners.

Orestes still remained favourite for both races even after his unsatisfactory Windsor performance, which is dealt with above. For this, so far as his Guineas chance is concerned, there can be found some justification, but I think he will be dethroned from top place in the Derby lists, and, personally, I consider 100 to 9 far too short a price. However, if all his rivals are going to continue falling to bits it *may*, after all, be a good wager. Personally, I do not think it is, but do not let that influence anyone, who may think he can see further through a brick wall than I can pretend to do. Next, Vigorous! The Trial Stakes at Salisbury on the 15th was only 7 furlongs. That is not a Guineas gallop. I did not see the race, so all that I have is what the butler told the cook. That says "leave him alone!" It may be good advice, or otherwise. I am not prepared to say. He was well and truly beaten a length and a half by Abbots Fell, giving 3 lb. I do not think it looks as if Vigorous could have won at level weights. Abbots Fell beat him exactly as and when he pleased. Before that race Abbots Fell was at 40 to 1 for the Guineas, after it he was at 22 to 1—and no takers. Before that race at Salisbury Rockefella was at 14 to 1 for the Derby, after it at 15 to 1; so that there must be a lot of people who do not think Abbots Fell has enhanced his stable companion's chances. Rockefella does not run in the Guineas: a wise decision after his bout of coughing, for some people know what might happen if too much were asked too soon. He is supposed to be a better colt than Abbots Fell, who won a 5-furlong race at Windsor last year



Some of the Officers of the 1st City of Edinburgh Battalion Home Guard

Front row: 2nd Lts. A. Gallie, W. D. Lawson, J. A. M. Wilson, Lt. J. C. Patrick; 2nd Lt. J. C. Porteous, Lts. J. C. Adam, R. E. Reid, R. B. MacEwen, 2nd Lts. J. R. Abbey, R. V. Nussey, Lt. D. F. Menzies, 2nd Lt. F. S. M'Nicoll, Lt. A. D. Robertson. Second row: Capt. R. L. Gorrie, M.B.E., Majors I. C. Bell, M.C., J. Young, M.C., D. Tulloch, W. Thomson, T.D. (Q.M.), A. A. Wighton, Lt.-Col. D. A. Foulis, D.S.O., Capt. and Adj't N. S. R. Adamson, Majors A. Simpson, R. S. Lindsay, M.C., W. Hendry, W. L. P. Dunstall, M.C., Capt. J. Currie. Third row: 2nd Lts. A. V. Scott, J. Ross, Lt. J. M. Linnell, 2nd Lt. W. Fulde, Lts. A. Halliday, H. B. Hunter, Capt. S. M. Bryce, J. Sturrock, V. H. Beattie, R. Y. Weir, O.B.E., N. B. Lawrie, Lt. D. Blair, Capt. E. A. Urquhart, Sir T. Clark, Bt., J. C. Langdon, Lts. J. Exley, N. C. Kerr, A. P. Watt, T. S. Perkins, 2nd Lt. T. M. Mackay. Back row: 2nd Lt. J. W. Gregor, Lts. R. C. M'Kechnie, E. Lee, W. B. Aitken, A. W. Paton, M.M., W. Borthwick, A. Young, J. E. Cameron, H. K. Salvesen, 2nd Lt. J. T. Dawson, Lts. J. C. Barrington, J. L. White, W. L. Swan, F. R. Gibson, A. Scott, G. T. Harvey, D. Munro, R. Little, M.M.

in not very distinguished company. Rockefella never won, but he ran a very good second to Mustang in a 6-furlong race at Ascot, beaten a short head only, and many thought unluckily. We may not get much further impatience till he goes out on to the course for the Derby, so what can we do about it? I expect for want of something better they may talk him into favouritism for the big race.

Unhappy Landing

As it has been endeavoured to indicate in the foregoing notes, there is plenty of room for "ifs" where many of the idols are concerned, but in the case of this rather heavily-topped colt there would appear to be none. Harry Wragg, on Lord Derby's Borealis, only made it a neck at Newmarket on April 18th. I think it could have been more. The odds-on favourite was getting 6 lb., and if he ever had been good enough to win the Guineas, this ought to have enabled him to call the tune all through the piece. As I viewed it, he never looked like winning. Before that race he was at 9 to 1 for the Guineas, after it at 100 to 12. I think that, for once, our astute friends The Enemy have failed to read a race correctly! And yet I see some people at once took the 100 to 12.

I would not have taken 12 to 1, or even 20 to 1 on that Newmarket running. I would not back him for either the Guineas or the Derby! Borealis won a 5-furlong race at Newmarket in June last year, beating all the rest just as he liked: he ran third in the Fulbourne Stakes (6 furlongs) to Fair Fame, won comfortably from Blue Cap, Lord Rosebery's filly, upon whom, personally, I propose to keep my eye—and I think that was his best, for although he won over 6 furlongs at Newmarket in September, he had nothing behind him upon which we can hang our hats. He started at 4 to 1 on, so that shows what the fielders thought of the rest of them. I do not think that his defeat of Happy Landing has added a single bay to his wreath! Just a P.S.—There is only one of last year's two-year-olds that showed any real staying ability. The only time Fair Glint won it was over a mile, Littlebury Nursery Stakes at Newmarket on Middle Park day, October 6th. Everyone was so busy watching Orestes beating Happy Landing in the principal race that they did not notice this one.

In the meanwhile, there is one red-hot favourite in England, Sir John Anderson. His Beverage Report is a winner. Let us hope he has some more in the same stable!



Mr. Justice James Geoghegan, K.C., and his wife are keen racegoers. He is a Judge of the Supreme Court of Justice in Eire



Irish Racing: Spectators at Leopardstown, Dublin

Seen in the paddock were Senator and Mrs. Gerald Sweetman with Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, Member of Dail Eireann for Cork City



Two enthusiastic pre-war followers of the Killing Kildares were Miss Brigid O'Malley and Miss Alma Brooke, on leave from war work

Poole, Dublin



A Smiling Bride



Major P. Winnington, Col. Cardiff and Mrs. A. Allan



The Hon. Mrs. J. Wilson, the Hon. Gloria Curzon and Capt. E. Fitzclarence

An April Wedding

And Some of the Guests



Swaebe

The wedding of Sir Francis Winnington, Welsh Guards, and Miss Anne Drury-Lowe took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride, only daughter of the late Capt. Lawrence Drury-Lowe and of Mrs. Drury-Lowe, was given away by her uncle, Capt. J. A. E. Drury-Lowe, and had three child bridesmaids, Catherine Colville, Victoria Elliot and Preccely Davies-Scourfield. Major Winnington, brother of the bridegroom, was best man



Patrick Drury-Lowe and Sally Elliot



Lady Joan Colville and Miss V. Ussher



Capt. Galloway, Mrs. W. Gilchrist and Mrs. Patrick Smyley



Lady Cynthia Slessor and Lady Ann Elliot



Viscount Cole, Miss S. Miller Mundy and Lady Rennie

Swaebe

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Getting to Know People

"INVESTIGATIONS" are one thing, social contacts another. Sylvia Leith-Ross, author of *African Conversation Piece* (Hutchinson; 16s.), has done valuable work in Nigeria as the holder of a Leverhulme Research Scholarship. But the charm of this present book of hers—to my mind at least—is that it is the product of off-times. It is, in the true sense, a conversation piece. Here we have, in diary form, a record of the social doings—tea-parties, morning shopping, ballets, weddings, christenings, funerals, best-hat Sunday church-going, club meetings and country visiting—of the Ibo people of Onitsha, on the River Niger. Mrs. Leith-Ross writes about Onitsha and Onitsha society, from its old guard to its bright young things, with detailed interest, coupled with sound respect—much as young diplomats in the eighteenth century used to write home, to their less travelled friends, of the fashions, manners, buildings, the social functions and luminaries, of Paris, Vienna or St. Petersburg. She appreciates having been given the entree to a distinctive, exclusive foreign society.

For the Ibo, by every showing, are very "county"; their snobbishness seems to be of a complexity that would have delighted Proust. Mrs. Leith-Ross, establishing herself and her household (headed by Johnson-o) at a distance from the uphill part of Onitsha occupied by the rest of the Europeans, received a number of calls from the Ibo ladies, but not till her good position was guaranteed. She was then accepted, with unbroken formality but with the kindest grace. *African Conversation Piece* might, among other things, rank as an essay on good manners—and these, one may say, were not confined to the Ibo, for Mrs. Leith-Ross must have met all-comers with tact and charm. She was there, it was true, to study the life round her, but the study must be obliquely done; questions must be put without any breach of politeness, sights noted without an offensive stare. Her approach to the race, as a whole, was the wisest one; it was made through knowing people on their own terms.

The Old and the New

MY knowledge of West Africa was so scanty that I picked up *African Conversation Piece* expecting to read about incursions into the jungle, about drum-throbbing forests, about primitive, palm-thatched and possibly hostile villages. Nothing could have been less the case. To begin with, with the exception of a few trips, Mrs. Leith-Ross confined herself to Onitsha—a town in a vigorous phase of modern development. I can hardly do better than quote from her penultimate entry—of the June evening before her going away.

What have I really learnt and seen and heard? What can I say of Onitsha? That it is a town of new and old, of bright light and deep shadow, of broad roads and cement buildings, of twisting

paths and high mud walls. A town of noise and silence, of the clatter of palm-oil puncheons, and the single, short note of a bird at dawn; of the wild hooting of lorries, and the thin twang of the native zither in the gloom. A town with an historic past, an active present and a hopeful future.

And what can I say of the Onitshans? That they are men and women who look you in the eyes, who lead their own intense and private lives with little heed of the doings of the white man, unless these doings touch those things which are closest to them, land and tax and marriage and title-taking... But also men and women who even unconsciously are awakening to new ideas, new desires, who need to be watched and handled and steadied and guided, lest, dizzy with the rushing of new thoughts through unformed minds, they trip and fall. Pleasant people, as I knew them.

And for myself, what remains of it all? What remains of anything except a taste or a smell or a shape, a glow or a shadow carried in the mind?

It is, I suppose, as a study of a racial society in transition that *African Conversation Piece* is most fascinating. In Onitsha, Christianity and paganism, with the richness of its attendant witch-lore, mingle and, harmoniously, overlap. Correct European get-up (Mrs. Edwards, one of the author's Ibo friends, always appeared to have come direct from South Kensington) and native draperies, head-ties and jewels are equally *de rigueur* about the streets. House-hunting, Mrs. Leith-Ross was offered the choice of many large European-style villas, which, built to gratify Ibo pride in modernity, remained uninhabited shells—for one clung to old ways of life, to red mud walls polished till they were



Bassano

Miss Barbara Whittingham-Jones, in private life the wife of Capt. H. R. Oppenheim, Indian Army, has recently published a factual survey of the Chinese in this country under the title "China in Britain." Miss Whittingham-Jones is intensely interested in Far Eastern affairs; when the Pacific war broke out, she was living in Malaya and left Singapore only a fortnight before it fell with her then five-months-old son, Jeremy. She hopes soon to publish an account of her experiences in the form of a Malayan War Diary

like pink marble. Between Onitsha's two main quarters—Waterside, so commercial, glaring, lively and racketty, and Inland Town, that Ibo Faubourg St. Germain, with its mysterious high walls, inscrutable high-class family life, and pervading gloom and silence of trees—she hesitated: the final decision was to live first in one, then in the other.

Here are unparalleled studies of Ibo friends—the above Mrs. Edwards; Mrs. Macaulay, whose Jane Austen deportment concealed unexpected depths; Ibeze, Mrs. Leith-Ross's landlord; Peter Aku, tweed-coated, modern-minded young architect, whose aristocratic old father, still clad in a faded loin-cloth, disliked the present so much that his only wish was to die. We hear of, though do not actually meet, the were-leopard of Inland Town (no ordinary leopard would have behaved so badly); and we pay an afternoon call on that grande dame, the Aboh fishwife queen, also president of the Aboh Women's Club—high point of the Coronation procession. The debutantes' ballet, although not run for profit, acquires, in the course of its highly-chaperoned tour, two goats and two bottles of gin. There is a feeling picture of an appalling day, spent in calling, by lorry, on Mrs. Macaulay's many outlying relatives. As you may gather, *African Conversation Piece* is, in appropriate places, quite delightfully funny. No unexpected aspect of character, no

By Richard King

HONOURS and medals are, of course, a gratification in the hearts of those who receive them, to say nothing of their friends and relations, but I sometimes wonder if they are altogether worth it when I listen to the gibes and fury of those who don't get any. Never a new "ribbon" was issued but caused a rumpus. Dark hints of injustice, influence, boot-licking, graft or sheer luck accompany the "favoured one" as he proudly shows—or sometimes hides—his momentary glory. The unglorified are never impressed—or are they?—and it makes them very angry. I have known many a D.C.M. in the midst of his comrades-in-arms as terrified of his distinction being discovered as if discovery might lead to shame. It is the right principle, but surely the wrong idea? Perhaps he knows only too well that in international and Party polities, as well as among neighbours in the same street, any proud distinction which is visible gives birth to both jealousy and greed. Jealousy and greed, I am convinced, are in the final analysis the root of half the evil, great and small, which will for ever make the millennium a wishful thought.

Jealousy especially can take on the strangest forms. It can prove itself either by rudeness or by revolution. It runs as an ugly thread through every aspect of communal life. Any organiser, any head of anything, will tell you that. It is rampant often in those places where should be only brotherly love. I have known so

many Servicemen whose hatred began at lance-corporals and ascended in deeper hue until finally it seemed, strangely enough, to expire at a General. Only the other day, a young soldier of the Free French Forces struggling with English asked me in all seriousness what rank in the British Army a "bloody officer" might be. While recently, a patient in a military hospital, regarding through the window the arrival of a terrible casualty being taken into the officers' ward, having not the least pity, rudely demanded who he thought he ruddy well was? "It's to end things like that that we chaps are fighting for!" he ended, as if that settled ungrammatically the whole question of a post-war world. I tried to soothe him down by remarking that an officer in a general ward would possibly feel as "unwanted" as a private self-invited to the officers' mess. He refused to be soothed. The Lieutenant's "pip" had stuck in his gullet.

Whereat I thought that one of the strangest aspects of human nature is not its moment of supreme grandeur, but its sink-into-pettiness while still believing itself *grand*. What is the cure I simply do not know. Mass-levelling won't efface it. Only the innately great can hide their greatness without showing off to the less lime-lit or intriguing against those of finer quality than themselves. So perhaps the millennium will be the paradoxical combination of universal prosperity without the least universal beatitude of private peace?

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Philips — Guthrie

Lt. M. A. B. Philips, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. B. Philips, of Heybridge, Tew, Staffordshire, married Miss Moyra Guthrie, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Ivan Guthrie, of Guthrie Castle, Angus, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Imbert-Terry — Garton

Capt. Edward Imbert-Terry, Coldstream Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. Sir Henry and Lady Imbert-Terry, of Strelte, Raleigh, Exeter, and Miss Jean Garton, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Garton, of Danesfield, Marlow, Bucks, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Wollaston — Clark

Lt. Henry Woods Wollaston, Grenadier Guards, son of Sir Gerald Wollaston, Garter King of Arms, and Lady Wollaston, married Miss Daphne Margaret Clark, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Novell Clark, of Holmwood Lodge, North Holmwood, Surrey, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Wilkins — Charles

Lt./Lt. Derek Charles Wilkins, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wilkins, of Eltham Park, Eltham, Kent, and Miss Barbara Mary Charles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charles, of Fonnereau Road, Ipswich, were married at St. Mary-le-Tower Church, Ipswich



Maude — Patrick

Lt. Michael Maude, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, only son of the late Capt. G. W. E. Maude and Mrs. Geoffrey Perry, of Kelley's, Flimwell, Hawkhurst, married Miss Rosamond Patrick, daughter of the late Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P., and Mrs. Derek Savile, of 48, Berkeley Square, W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Beckett — Tasker-Evans

The Hon. Oliver Ralph Beckett, second son of Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, of Easthorpe Hall, Malton, Yorkshire, and Mrs. Helen Agnes Tasker-Evans, of 2, Chalfont Court, Baker Street, W., were married at Caxton Hall



Hickman — Perrins

P/O. Patrick Nelson Hickman, R.A.F.V.R., son of Sir Alfred Hickman, of Wyastone Leys, Monmouth, and Brenda Lady Hickman, married Miss Mary Lena Perrins, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. A. D. Perrins, of Wareley House, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 137)

Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were both there to see the Duke's Victory Torch run, unfortunately without success; Lady Lovat, looking very pretty in a long blue coat, and wearing dark glasses, was in the paddock before the sixth race, deputising for her husband, Brig. Lord Lovat, who, owing to military duties, was unable to be present to see his horse, Jeeves, run; Baroness Beaumont was taking a keen interest in the two-year-olds, many of which were making their first appearance on a racecourse; and Mrs. Wilkinson was being congratulated on the victory of her nice two-year-old filly Lemsford in the first race. Several of her friends had a good win, as it started at 100 to 6, and nearly 30 to 1 on the Tote. Mr. John Dewar came to see his much-talked-about Derby candidate, Distingué, run in the third race, and Lord George Scott had his very pretty wife with him. Lady George, who draws and paints under her maiden name of Molly Bishop, is a very clever artist, and recently did a lovely sketch of Lady Bridget Clark, as a wedding present to the bridegroom from Lady Bridget's mother, the Countess of Minto. Lord and Lady Manton arrived with Lt.-Col. Daybell; Brig. Jack Speed brought his wife



Snapshot from Windsor

This picture, taken at Windsor, shows Lt. S. Tilliard, Grenadier Guards, with Miss Anne Crichton, daughter of Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, and Miss Dawn Simpson, both friends of Princess Elizabeth. He is holding a doll from Norman Hartnell's "Latin American Exhibition," which is now on tour

and attractive stepdaughter, Angela Leaf—he has just retired, and is devoting his time to helping the war effort by farming. Mrs. Giles and Miss Kay Farrer, both wearing American Ambulance of Great Britain uniform, came down together.

"Young Entry"

THERE were several of the "young entry" present. Mrs. Dennis Russel brought her schoolboy son Tony over from their Sunningdale home; he was busy studying form and enjoying himself immensely; Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke had her small son, Dennis Stewart, who also took it very seriously—his popular stepfather is a nephew of Mr. Atty Persse, and now has a house quite near the famous Chassis Hill stable, so Dennis, who is a first cousin of the Earl of Harrington and, like all his family, a great lover of horses, has every opportunity to become an enthusiast. Amongst others at Windsor were Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Francis Towle, Lord Carnarvon, Miss Dorothy Paget, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, Lady Orr-Ewing, Lord Stanley, Major the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood, and Lady Jean Christie.



A Quiet Wedding in London

The marriage of Capt. Kenneth Darrall-Rew, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Dorothy Nunweek took place at Caxton Hall not long ago. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Darrall-Rew

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

shade of social comedy is lost. Jane Austen, could she have stood the racket, might profitably have shared this Onitsha sojourn—as it is, I believe she companioned Mrs. Leith-Ross in spirit. The Book Society, I see from the wrapper, recommend this book—and how right they are. I am hoping to read, if I can obtain it, the author's earlier study, *African Women*, published in 1939.

Mood and Movement

How far away from the mark we seem to have travelled in our English usage of the word "amateur"—the older and truer meaning we relegate to italics and think of as purely French. We tend to think of the amateur as a mere half-timer, a person who seldom aspires to first-rate proficiency. An amateur *should* mean, surely, a man who does what he does because he likes doing it; who is actuated by love of an occupation rather than hopes of gain? And what is done in this spirit, done for its own sake, is, surely, likely to be done well?

There must exist in some people a sort of duality: they need two occupations to keep their natures in balance. By one they may make their living, so this becomes their "profession." Of this, Nicholas Drew, author of *Amateur Sailor* (Constable; 9s.), would seem a case in point. Mr. Drew, in this fine autobiography, restores to the amateur status its right, original merit. He adds to his title-page *The Oxford Pocket Dictionary* definition of "amateur"—i.e., "One who cultivates a thing as a pastime (often attrib. ; a gardener, theatricals ; cf. PROFESSIONAL)." In taking his stand on this, Mr. Drew, as elsewhere, struck me as over-modest: sailing here seems something more than a pastime, something to which he feels a genuine call. All through, *Amateur Sailor*, though apparently purely narrative and objective, keeps a balance between the two sides of its author's nature, and depicts the wholeness of the author's relation to something he did, till war came, in only half of his time. Hence the book's quality: its interest-value, which is as great, is diverse. I can see what its publishers mean, and do not think they claim too much in comparing *Amateur Sailor* to Siegfried Sassoon's *Fox Hunting Man*.

Mr. Drew several times says—you might say, warns us—that he is introspective. But introspection is not allowed to blur or clog his writing or to hold up his story. The events he describes with so little fuss, and in an English as straight-ahead as Defoe's, have an individual atmosphere round them—that is all. We begin with a little boy who, losing his parents before he can remember, comes to live with an uncle and aunt in a large seaside town that I think I am right in taking to be Brighton. Uncle Taff owns a large dairy business, and Nicholas's first imaginative sense of the sea is gained by flashing blue views of it at the ends of streets as he drives with his uncle, behind the pony, on their favourite round. Then comes the exciting, at first secret, acquaintanceship with big Jim Chadwick, owner of Marion; the first sail with Jim; the start of the sailing lessons, with hard-to-bear interruptions of attendance at day-school. At thirteen, he enjoys a still greater adventure: he accompanies Jim when Jim sails a rich man's yacht round North Foreland, up to a berth on the East Coast.

Aunt Ruth, left a widow, moves with her nephew to London: the sea is, for the time being, lost. But this growing passion, with which his relations sympathise, would seem to make obvious, for Nicholas, the choice of the sea as a career. This is to be arranged; it is quite straightforward—yet, at the last moment, doubtful and inexplicably depressed, the boy holds back. There is a counterpoise; he wants to do something else, even though at the time he is not sure *what*. Eventually, through advice, he begins to work for an art paper and becomes a designer. From this declared profession, with its widening interests, he does not waver. As a sailor he decides to be amateur. The Rodney Sailing Club looms large through these middle, and London, years. Then the war comes.

Wavy Navy

IN spring 1940, T.124 gets Nicholas Drew, with remarkable speed, in the sloop Alaskan to Norway, and into the heart of an engagement. On his return to London, attending a navigation course, he has the opportunity to volunteer for Dunkirk. There may exist, but I certainly have not read, a better account of Dunkirk, from the sea angle, than is to be found in *Amateur Sailor*: the Dunkirk chapter deserves its place in the most exacting anthology of war writing. The next chapter, "Acting Temporary Probationary Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.," gives a vivid account of the summer weeks of training on H.M.S. King Alfred, that "stone frigate." Then comes the corvette Solander, and the big chapter "Convoy"—the prolonged Atlantic Battle, with its long watches, its strain, its intense cold, its mid-ocean hurricanes, its few high points. These days we are rapid readers and quick忘ers, but *Amateur Sailor* is a book one will not forget.

Sound Sense

EVIE BRENT'S *Your New Baby* (Feature Books Ltd.; 4s. 6d.) struck me as being excellent—in its mixture of up-to-date information and no-nonsense philosophy—for the young wartime mother; or, for the matter of that, for the mother at any time. Mrs. Brent writes as a professional woman who still sees motherhood as the first and greatest profession. Her tone is at once bracing and sympathetic; and, more, she writes from experience. She may well prove a friend in need to many who, these days, feel themselves isolated or puzzled. Her introduction expresses thanks to the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Food, of whose help she has certainly made good use. No possible question remains unanswered here.



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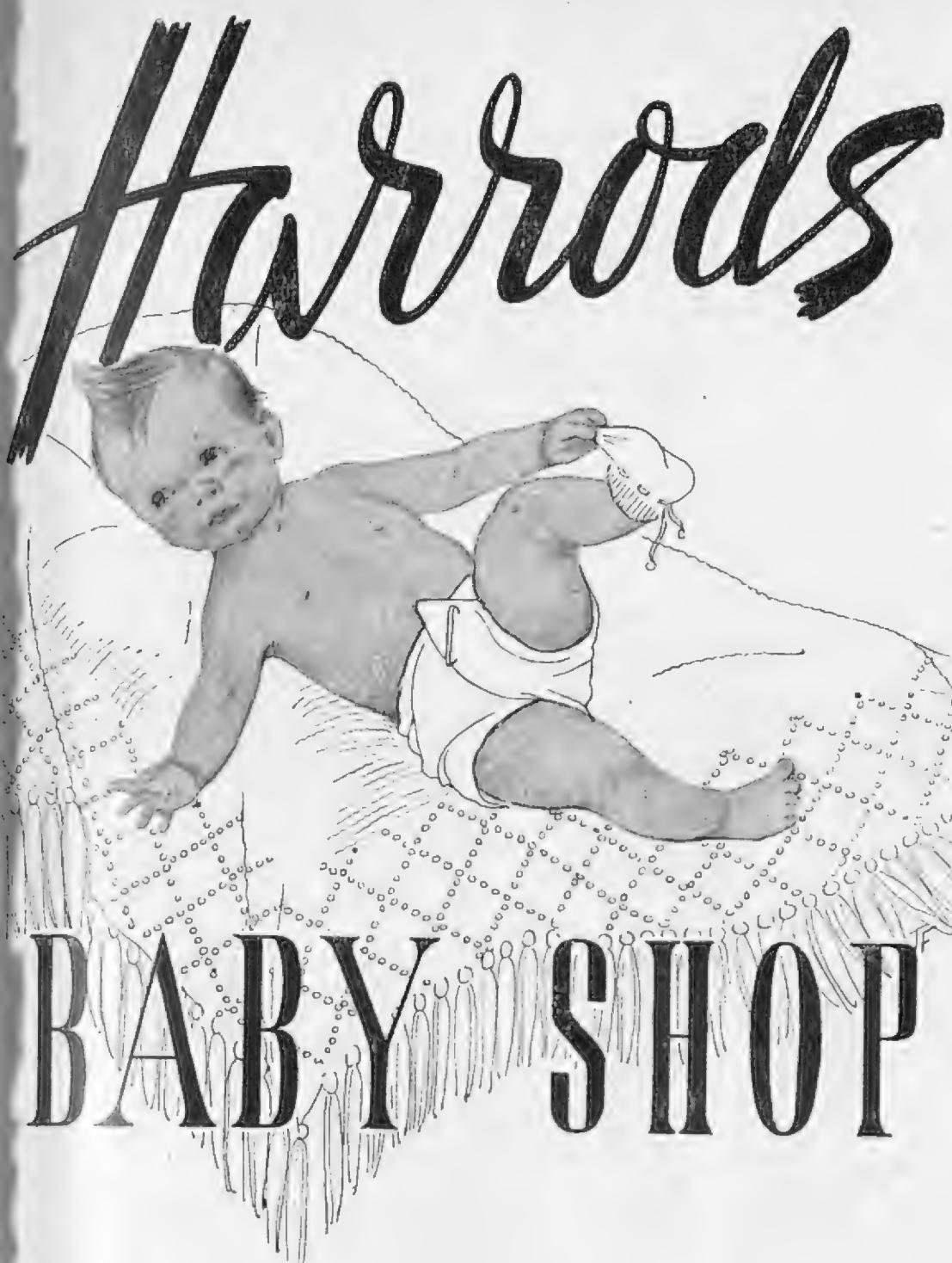
P.610A

Academy Prints



Treasured prints gave an air of pre-war elegance to the traditional opening of the London season. These are from Marshall and Snelgrove, examples of the lovely prints which are still to be found in this famous fashion store. Hats, too, and luscious fox fur, are from Marshall's.

- Left: Navy and white crepe, with strappings, cuffs and petticoat front of navy . . . £16 1s. 3d.
- Centre: Green, white and cyclamen on a black ground, the long line of the crossover designed to emphasise height . . . £10 1s. 1d. • Right: Navy and white crepe; the shoulder and waistline cunningly pointed with plaits of navy and white laced through eyelets . . . £16 2s. 11d.



Baby Clothes—important as they are—are often in short supply like many grown up clothes, and whilst we should love to give you lists and lists of adorable, wee garments and all the dozens of things needed for the layette, this unfortunately is impossible. We still have, however, a very comprehensive stock in our famous Baby Shop on the First Floor and a visit will be well worth your while.

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Pure Wool Wrapper Vests, Night Gowns, Turkish Napkins, Shawls, Gowns, Jackets, Bootees, and other necessities for the new arrival.

For the Toddler:—

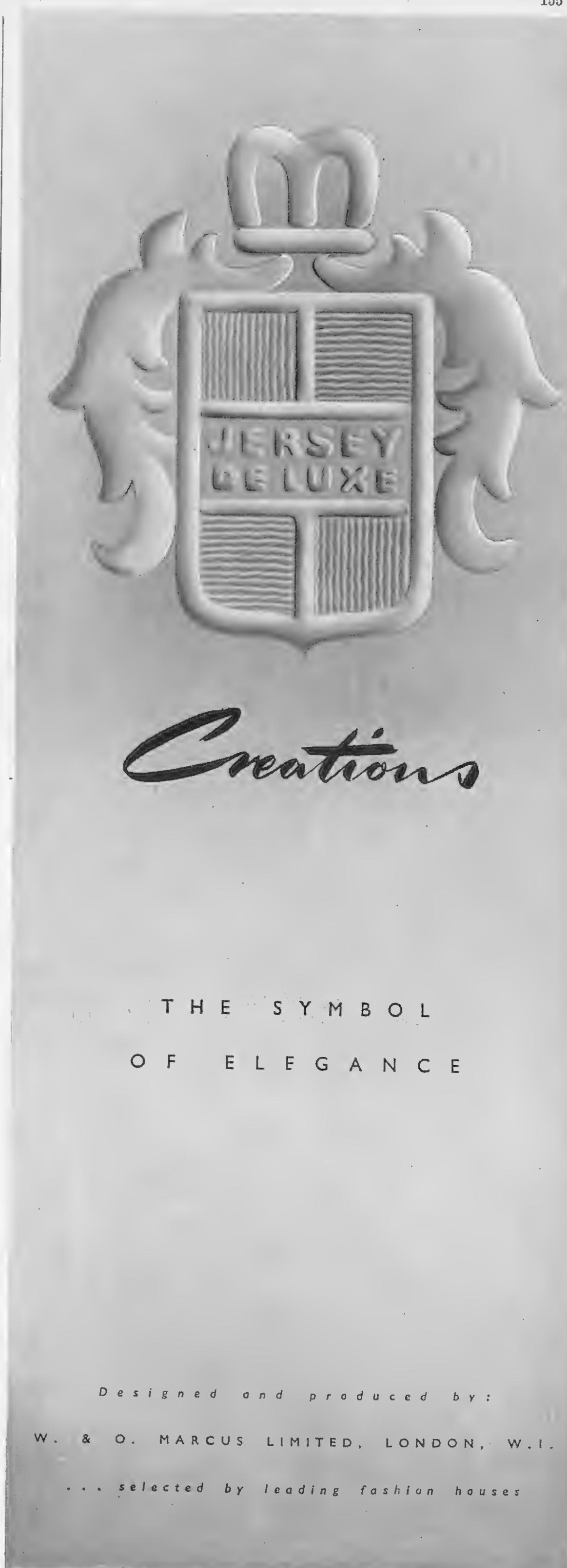
Smocks, Frocks, Pram Coats, Shoes, Socks, and dainty Woollies, in fact everything needed for those first few brave steps.

For the Nursery School:—

Practical Frock Sets, little Tailored Skirts which look sweet with Blouse or Jersey, Coats and Leggings for the colder days and a host of other items for nursery school days.

For the first Party:—

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tem. Clear them out and
be cheerful! This way:



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

JONES was hard up. He had to go north on business, and found himself stranded. So he put through a trunk call to Smith.

“Hullo,” he asked, “is that Smith?”

“Yes.”

“I say, old man, I’m in a fix. I’m stranded up here without any money. Can you wire me a fiver?”

“Sorry, Jones, I can’t hear you.”

“I say I’m stranded up here—no cash. Can you lend me a fiver?”

“Can’t catch a word. Say it again.”

“I — tell — you — I’m — stranded — up — here — without — any — money. Can — you — wire — me — a — fiver?”

“There must be something wrong with this line. Can’t get the sense of it. Can’t you think——”

At this point the operator chipped in: “There’s nothing wrong with the line. I can hear the caller distinctly.”

“Oh, can you?” said Smith. “Then you lend him the fiver.”

SCENE: A lonely spot on a dark night.

“Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man. Besides this revolver I have nothing in the world.”

THIS story is from *The Churchill Gazette*, a Belgian underground paper.

The inhabitants of Paradise were worried. It was impossible to know what was really going on in Germany, the Boche communiques lied so much. It was finally decided to send down a reporter. Their choice fell on Methuselah, the aged saint who had seen everything—and who was anything but gullible.

Twenty-four hours passed—and Methuselah returned at the run, gasping for breath. The others grabbed him, astonished.

“What? Back already? Well, what did you find out? What’s the real situation down there?”

“I didn’t see a thing. When I got to Germany they were just calling up the class—and I scammed



Vivienne

Georgina Cookson is at present appearing in Monica Ullman’s “Six Pairs of Shoes” at the Playhouse. As a good-hearted cockney with a son older than she can afford to acknowledge, she gives an excellent performance. Georgina was in the “War and Peace” production at the Phoenix and she also appeared in “Rise Above It,” the Baddeley-Gingold revue at the Comedy

there tonight. “I don’t need notes to talk to *you* people, but to *you* I can speak from my heart.” And then he would throw away his piece of paper.

A reporter who had seen O’Dwyer do this in every Brooklyn neighbourhood mounted the platform one night and picked up the discarded paper. It was an old laundry bill.

An Irish soldier on duty abroad received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war she would have to dig the garden herself, and she didn’t see how she was going to find the time.

“Bridget, please don’t dig the garden,” wrote Pat. “That’s where the guns are hidden.”

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time soldiers came and dug the garden from end to end. Bridget, worried over the incident, wrote to asking what she should do. Pat replied shortly and to the point: “Put in some spuds.”

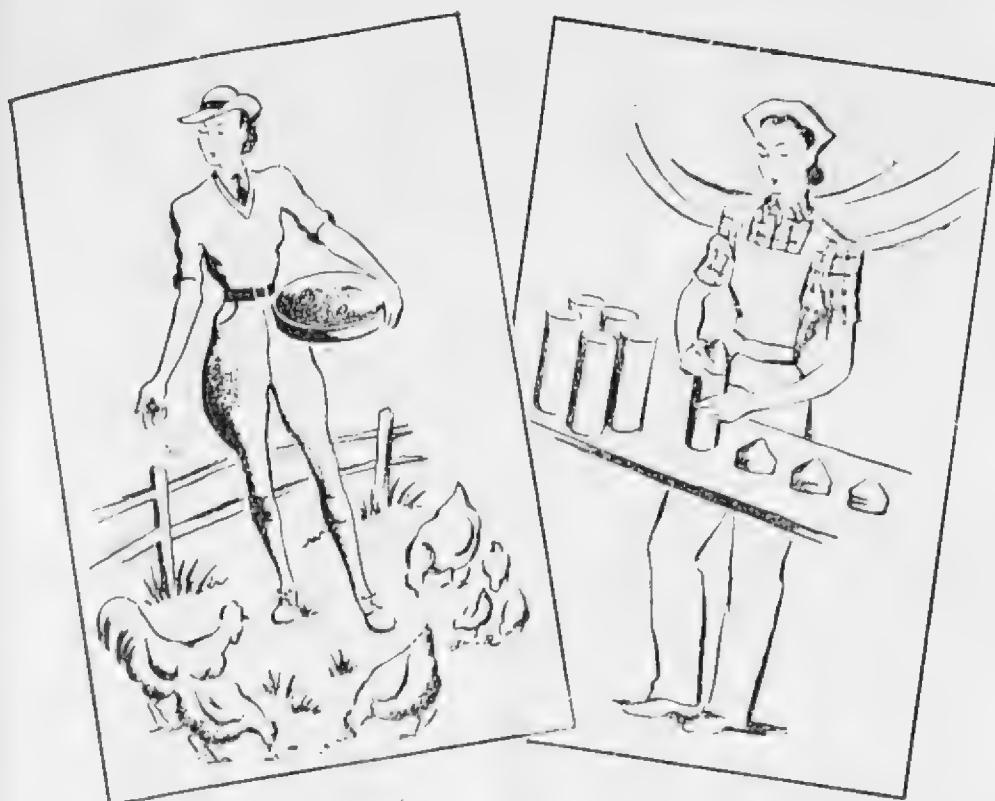
Two men, strangers to each other, happened to be wandering down the dimly lit corridors of an ancient picture gallery. One of them, shivering slightly, said: “Rather spooky, isn’t it?”

“Do you believe in ghosts?” asked the other.

“No,” said the first speaker: “do you?”

“Yes,” said the other—and vanished.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure ; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his leave ; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes ; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury ; it is a daily necessity.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Many Inventions

THE general opinion seems to be that the story of the human torpedoes, although far from being the biggest, was the best of the war. It reminded me of the numerous correspondents who approached me during 1940 with proposals that they should be given aircraft "full of explosives." They then proposed to dive them into some enemy position or on to some enemy warship. Some had schemes whereby they gave themselves a small chance of making an eleventh-hour escape; but some seemed ready to dive in with the "explosives."

All who have had much to do with planning air operations of special difficulty know that the man who expresses a readiness to blow himself up, although often sincere, is hardly ever the kind of man who is capable of doing the other, more technically difficult, part of the job. In short, he is the kind of person who is more likely to blow himself up than the enemy ship. It is one of the characteristics of the first-class fighting-man that he must always have some chance, however slender, of getting away with his life. If you give that chance you will find among your volunteers exactly the right type—the person who will carry through the task accurately and will take enormous risks cheerfully.

Suicidal Japs

IT was partly because my own small experience of handling men engaged on dangerous missions had taught me this difference between the suicide squad incapable of doing much else besides committing suicide, and the suicide squad which will achieve a military success, that I always doubted the early stories of Japanese pilots who dived their aircraft into British ships. The best war pilot—the pilot who will find, correctly identify, and successfully attack an enemy ship—is never the same man who will deliberately immolate himself upon it. He is the man who must have some faint chance of getting away with his own life after blowing up the enemy ship.

Those human torpedo-men had that faint chance



Celebrating Their "Hundredth"

A model silver Mosquito, presented in commemoration of a R.A.F. auxiliary squadron's 100th enemy aircraft destroyed, was shown by W/Cdr. B. R. O'B. Hoare, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, to Air Cdre. Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P. (left) and S/Ldr. F. W. Hancock, at a reunion dinner. Sir Lindsay is honorary Air Commodore of the squadron

and were, therefore, the kind of people who could put through a job to its successful conclusion. Nowadays we do not think quite so highly of the Japanese pilots as we used to think. And my belief is that our judgment now is more correct than it was then. Japanese pilots are competent and seem to be well trained. But I never have believed that they would be as good—on the average—as the British and American pilots who are competing with them.

Parachutes

IN 1914-18 our psychologists were seriously at fault when they suggested that if the air crews of the Royal Flying Corps were provided with parachutes, it would impair their morale. The idea was that a fighting pilot fights better if he knows that if he loses the battle, he will go down with his flaming aircraft without any chance of escape. The idea was completely silly (I said so at the time) but it had the effect of preventing the British air forces of that time from being given parachutes. The Germans began to use them and saved a number of lives with them. I think their parachutes were of the static line type (such as is used by parachute troops today). We had

a static line parachute—the Holt—fairly developed before 1918 and certainly capable of emergency use. But we just would not use it. It is curious that some interesting researches went on with parachutes in England while our fighting-men were kept without them. A volunteer, for instance, managed to do a successful jump from an aircraft which was spinning. This was to prove that one objection to the use of parachutes (that they could not be used if the aircraft was spinning) was ill-founded.

State Jets

ONE more step towards the nationalization of the British aircraft industry has been taken. In the "national interest" (a phrase which will surely go down in history as the most abused) a government research station into gas turbines is to be created. Of course all these government concerns are inspired by the highest and most generous ideals. They are going to be ideal employers, active researches, brilliant producers, competent creators. And I am not against nationalization if it is efficient. I am against it if it is inefficient. But when I do find inefficient I am its permanent and persistent enemy. I am the enemy of nationalization in the aircraft industry in this country now because past experience has shown it to be inefficient.

The nationalizationists, however, are trying to win the day this time in a most ingenious manner. They are trying to see that the activities of private enterprise are so hampered by government "supervision" in the "national interest" and by taxation that private enterprise will never be allowed to gain sufficient strength to compete successfully with the privileged State concerns. In my own profession of scribbling and putting scribbles together, I would never fear government competition if it were not privileged. That State publication *Hansard*, for instance, although according to film publicity, it has a large staff, is still incapable of spelling the ranks of Royal Air Force officers correctly. Government publications are generally poor things. They can be beaten on every count by independent journalists if the journalists are given sufficient freedom. But tie the journalists with paper restrictions and censorship rules and the State publishing enterprises sweep grandly ahead, releasing this bit of news first and then that, producing vast numbers of cheap editions and so on.

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HOLDING THE FORT

Dear Mr. Gerald,

Thank you very much for your letter which was very warmly received. You will indeed have many things to relate about Persia and Iraq, upon your much wished for return. Also you will be surprised to find me writing upon a typewriter which I have been lent to cope with my very multifarious duties in the H.G. This week, every morning I have helped McGregor in the garden, now that he is single-handed. I have greased the car on the chocks. I have oiled your cricket bat and cleaned your gun. Your squash racquet, however, has been lent to some officers near here as I knew you would have wished.

That, with some firewatching, and the H.G. has filled up my week, except that I stopped the Housekeeper from giving your grey Ascot top hat for salvage, and made her replace the mothballs inside it. If you will excuse the sentiment, Sir, that hat is a symbol of the England which goes on for ever, even if sometimes interrupted. It will therefore remain in abeyance like the six bottles of Rose's Lime Juice I am keeping for the celebration, consequent on your return.

I must stop now to help Cook to peel the potatoes which in peace-time would be most derogatory, but not so in days of national austerity.

Yours faithfully,

Albert Hawkins
Sgt. Home Guard

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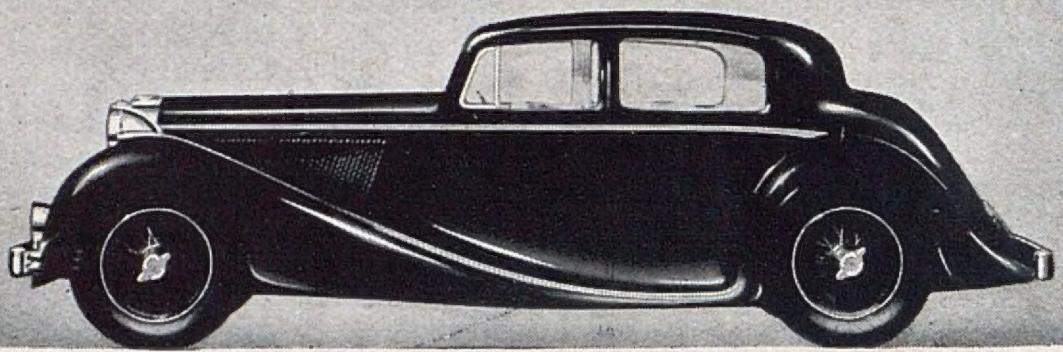
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